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M. AMPÈRE IN AMERICA.

AT the last regular meeting of the New
York Historical Society, its President, the
Hon. Luther Bradish, presented Monsieur
Jean Jacques Ampère, professor of modern
literature at the College of France, as the
honored and distinguished guest of the even-
ing. Little did we think, when it was our
privilege to sit among his numerous and
cultivated hearers, that it would ever be our
pleasure to greet this accomplished *savant*
on this side of the Atlantic. Still his appear-
ance was rather a matter of unexpected
delight than of real surprise. For we
remembered that travelling had formed a
part of his early education; that Greece,
Italy, Germany, and even the extreme North
had all been visited by him long ago; that
their scenery, antiquities, monuments of art,
their language and literature, had all been
made an object of careful observation and
long study, the results of which are still
extant in the numerous articles from his
graceful pen, partly scattered as yet in
the different reviews of his country, and
partly collected in volumes. (*Littérature et
Voyages*. Paris: 1834. 2 vols.) He has
undoubtedly come among us for the pur-
pose of finding here a new field of observa-
tion. Our novel and unprecedented social
and political organization, our rising litera-
ture and literary institutions; in short, all
the doings and strivings of our cis-atlantic
life, including even the "history, present con-
dition, and future prospects" of our auto-
chthonic predecessors, will all be duly sur-
veyed by an enlightened, experienced, and
candid eye. That few travellers are capable
of performing such a task with equal ability
and equal chances of success, we intend to
show by the following brief remarks on what
our friend has already achieved. To his
early travels and studies in Italy and Ger-
many we have already alluded; and his very
position would lead us to presuppose in him
a familiarity with the literatures of Roman
origin. But his Teutonic neighbors attri-
bute to him also an equally extensive know-
ledge of their own and kindred literatures

(i. e. the German, English, Swedish, &c.);
a merit to which but few of his countrymen
can lay any claim. We may also add that
his elegant translations of portions of the
Edda, that we have seen, and spirited
articles on Scandinavian poetry generally,
are among the best of their kind.—Like
Herder, Ampère seems to have an ear for
the charming harmony of human nature in
all the multiplicity of its variations, whether
it speaks in the mellifluous accents of the
South, or in the pompous and fantastic
flourishes of the East, or in the rude and
hoarser bass-notes of the semi-barbarous
North. The idea of a *Comparative Literature*,
first propounded by the same Herder,
seems to us to lie at the bottom of all
of Ampère's writings and lectures, to form
their key-note and distinctive feature. And
no Frenchman has a keener sense to seize
and appreciate the individuality and charac-
teristic difference of each. His aim seems
to be an *ethnography of literature*. And it is
this that accounts for the extent and univer-
sality of his studies, which have drawn into
their magic circle the choicest intellectual
productions of all nations and of all ages.
This circle includes not only the flowers of
classical Greece and Rome, of romantic-
medieval and of classico-romantic modern
Europe, but oriental poetry too, with its en-
dless gorgeous array of sensuous imagery and
caprice. Even China has had attractions for
Ampère, as his work "*De la Chine et des
travaux de Remusat*" shows.

To the early literary history of his own
nation he has made a valuable and learned
contribution in his *Histoire littéraire de la
France avant le XIIème siècle* (Paris:
1839-40, 3 volumes); and still more recently
(1841), and as a sort of a side-piece to the
former, he has given us an erudite history of
the formation of the French language (again
in three volumes). In this last work—as he
himself avows in the introductory remarks,
if our memory serves us right—he has un-
dertaken to do for his own tongue what
Grimm has done for the dialects that boast
of Germanic descent. How far M. A. has
succeeded in approaching that unequalled
expounder of Teutonic tongues, we are
unable to say. One assertion, however,
we may safely venture, namely this: that
M. Ampère, by his philological as well
as by his critical and historical labors, has
won for himself an enviable and perhaps
enduring place among the first intellectual
representatives of his country of the present
day; and may he live to give us many more
specimens of his extensive erudition, his
excellent judgment and skill!

As Professor at the Collège de France he
appears regularly twice a week before a
numerous and intelligent audience. The
historian Michelet alone could show a larger,
but neither he nor any one else in that col-
lege, a more respectable assembly of hearers
than Ampère, among whom may be seen
persons of every age and condition; grey-
haired sires of leisure and cultivation, inter-
sprinkled among the crowd of college-
striplings, training their quills to the rapid
process of "in verba Magistri jurare." The

velocity of their quills, however, was always
outstripped by that of the stenographer, who
invariably was seated at the foot of the lec-
turer's desk, to record his learned improvisa-
tions as fast as they dropped from his lips.
But the most curious, and to us by far the
most interesting portion of his audience was
the corps of ladies, seated in immediate prox-
imity to the desk (we often stealthily
counted thirty of them, while the lecture
was going on); some of whom were mut-
tered to be princesses, &c. &c. (The
reader will forgive us this irrelevant digres-
sion.) As a lecturer, then, M. Ampère is
extremely simple and entirely devoid of all
ostentation; his enunciation is distinct and
faultless, and far removed from that ranting
vociferation which some men regard as the
expression of eloquence; his illustrations,
which are often amusing and always go to
support some theory or general principle, are
drawn from the widest possible range of
reading and experience. His language is,
like his manner, simple, to the point, and
entirely free from that inflated bombast
which sometimes wounds the ear of the
hearer on similar occasions. His sentences,
though extemporaneous, are faultlessly
measured and correct, and flow without any
apparent effort on the part of the speaker.
In short, it is his excellent taste, his exten-
sive and varied acquisitions, and his sound
judgment, that have won for him his many
admirers.

M. Ampère sustains a twofold relation to
the institute; he is member both of the
Académie Française and of the Académie
des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. In the
Ecole Normale he is the successor of Ville-
main, whom if he does not equal in elo-
quence, he certainly surpasses in variety of
acquirements and extent of horizon.

G. J. A.

LITERATURE.

BRISTED'S FIVE YEARS IN AN ENGLISH UNI-
VERSITY.*

WHILE holding some reserved opinions in
regard to the utility of the English Uni-
versity system of Education, and though far
from conceding that that system has the im-
portance or the interest that Mr. Bristed
claims for it, we are quite willing to acknow-
ledge that his "*Five Years in an English
University*," is a noticeable book.

There is nothing in this country that
corresponds with the education pursued at
the English universities. The years from
the age of nineteen to that of twenty-four,
during which the English student at Cam-
bridge and Oxford is going through with the
prescribed course of study, are devoted in
this country, partly to the preparation ne-
cessary for the professions, or wholly to the
active duties of life. The pressing interests
of society, their claims upon the politician,
the divine, the lawyer, the physician, the
merchant, the trader, the manufacturer, and
the mechanic, are already felt, responded to,

* *Five Years in an English University*. By Charles
Astor Bristed. 2 vols. Putnam.

and are showing a practical result in the combined enterprise of our country, at a time of life when the English student is struggling with the uncongenial difficulties of the Greek iambic or Latin hexameter. Classical learning in an English university is then of course carried to an extent and perfection unknown in any of our colleges. While we acknowledge the want of thoroughness and the incompleteness of the collegiate systems of education pursued with us, and would hope and strive for a wider scope of learning, more full and profound, we still think that it admits of question whether a nearer approach to the English system, or a more remote withdrawal from it, would be more likely to insure the great purpose of education—a fitness for life.

Whatever, indeed, may be the value of the system of education pursued at Oxford and Cambridge, there is a traditional reverence due to those ancient sanctuaries of learning which commends them to our respect as men of taste. We confess to an interest in the subject of Mr. Bristed's book, which his two full volumes abundantly satisfy.

Mr. Bristed passed five years at the University of Cambridge, and in a frank autobiographical account of his career records what he did there; tells us without reserve of his studies, his Academic successes and failures, of his friendships, his tastes, and diversions. In a preliminary chapter, in which Mr. Bristed unshrinkingly meets the very direct and very pertinent question (not impertinent, as it is proposed by himself) conveyed in his quotation from Cicero, *oro te, quis tu es?* he takes leave of the United States, with a Parthian shot at Yale College:—

A GRADUATE OF YALE COLLEGE.

"I was fifteen years old when I went to New Haven to enter the Freshman class, at Yale College. In the school where I prepared, one of the masters was an Englishman, and the instruction given partly on the English model. I had been fitted for Columbia College, the standard for the Freshman class in which institution was then nearly equal to that for the Sophomore at Yale. (I never met a New Englander who knew this, or could be made to believe it, but it is perfectly true notwithstanding.) The start which I had thus obtained confirmed me in the habits of idleness to which a boy just emancipated from school is prone, when he has nothing immediately before him to excite his ambition. During the first year I did little but read novels and attend debating societies; and the comparison of my experience with that of others leads me to conclude that this is the case with most boys who enter well prepared at a New England College; they go backwards rather than forwards the first year. In the second year came on a great deal of mathematics, laborious rather than difficult; much of it consisted in mere mechanical working of examples in trigonometry and mensuration, which were nearly as great a bore to the best mathematicians in the class as to the worst. I never had any love for or skill in pure science, and my health, moreover, being none of the best, I very early in the Sophomore year gave up all thoughts of obtaining high honors, and settled down contentedly among the twelve or fifteen who are bracketed, after the first two or three, as 'English Orations.' There were four prizes, one in each year, which could be obtained by classics alone, and of these I was fortunate enough to gain three. But they were very imperfect tests; indeed there was at that time no direct means of determining who was the best,

or second, or third, classical scholar in any class.

"Most of our young countrymen are eager to rush into their destined profession immediately on leaving college, at the age of eighteen or nineteen. Several of my contemporaries did not wait for Commencement day to begin, nominally at least, their professional studies; but I was by no means in a hurry to finish my education, thinking that a long start is often the safest, especially as I was looking forward to a profession which, above all others, should be entered on after much deliberation and mature judgment. Meaning, then, with God's help, to be a clergyman, I wished first to make myself a scholar, and for this purpose resolved to spend some time at a European University. But when it came to starting, my courage failed me; I was afraid to expose my ignorance abroad, and determined to stay at home another year. This year I would willingly have spent in my native city, as affording more advantages for study; but those who had the disposal of me thought it best that I should remain at New Haven, where accordingly I took up my quarters again as a resident graduate—a very rare animal in those parts. Poor Mason, who was to have been our great American astronomer, was my only companion in that position. The experience of that year fully justifies me in asserting, that if I wished to unmake a partially formed scholar, and to divert the attention of a young man who had a taste that way from such studies, I would send him to reside in no place sooner than in a New England college town. There was no one able to instruct me or inclined to sympathize with me, except two or three gentlemen whose professional duties in the college rendered it impossible for them to give me any regular assistance; but there were plenty of debating societies all about, and no end of young debaters. Without being considered much of a 'speaker' or 'writer' as an under-graduate, I had figured to some extent in the *Yale Literary*, and had just attained that *beau jour de la vie* when a young man gets his first 'piece' into a city magazine. All this fostered the habits of semi-literary idleness which the (so-called) studies of the senior year appear purposely framed to encourage. Moreover, I formed rather an intimate acquaintance with a Mississippian (it was before the days of repudiation), who was always anxious to talk politics, and we used to read about a dozen newspapers a day, and throw the contents of them at each other. When it is stated that I was an ultra abolition Whig and he a slaveholding Democrat, the quantity of belligerent nonsense we interchanged, and the valuable result of our discussions, may be easily imagined. The only tangible residuum that I ever realized from our debates was a pretty large bill for cakes, ice-creams, and sherry-cobblers. Indeed, so put to it was I for some daily work to balance me, as it were, and give me regular habits of study, that for the last three months of the year I joined the Law School, and then finding what I ought to have known before, that I should never make any progress in scholarship by myself at New Haven, I packed my trunks for England.

"Still it would be unjust to myself to say that I had absolutely wasted the twelve months. They were only comparatively lost. I did about as much in them as I ought to have done in three or four. I had broken ground in Juvenal, Thucydides, Aristophanes, and Pindar, authors who then seldom entered into the reading of an American college student: on the whole, it may fairly be said that I was a favorable specimen of a graduate from a New England College, and rather above the average than below it. Of mathematics I knew only a little Euclid and algebra, having gone through the college course of Mechanics, Conic Sections, &c., to as much purpose as some travellers go through various countries.

"As to the rest of my education and accomplishments, they were the usual ones of an American student; that is to say, I could talk a little French and Spanish, and read a little German, had a boarding-school girl's knowledge of the names and rudimentary formulae of two or three sciences, could write newspaper articles in prose or verse, had a strong tendency to talk politics, and never saw a crowd of people together without feeling as if I should like to get up and make them a speech about things in general. I had read abundance of novels, poetry, and reviews, a fair share of English history, and a great deal of what the school books and the newspaper reporters call 'specimens of eloquence.' I had a supreme opinion of my country (except in matters of scholarship), and a pretty good opinion of myself. To complete the list, it should be added, that I could black my own boots, and, on a pinch, wash my own handkerchiefs. In short, with the exception of easiness of manner and presence of mind (two qualities in which I have always been deficient), I made a very tolerable representative for the reading section of Young America to send among English scholars."

Mr. Bristed arrives at Cambridge, and is admitted a Fellow Commoner of Trinity College:—

FELLOW COMMONER OF TRINITY.

"When, therefore, a boy, or, as we should call him, a young man, leaves his school, public or private, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, and 'goes up' to the University, he necessarily goes up to some particular College, and the first academical authority he makes acquaintance with in the regular order of things is the College Tutor. This gentleman has usually taken high honors either in Classics or Mathematics, and one of his duties is naturally to lecture—only you may be sure that if he has a turn for Classics he is not set to lecture on Mathematics, or *vice versa*, as used to be the case at Yale. But this by no means constitutes the whole or forms the most important part of his functions. He is the medium of all the students' pecuniary relations with the College. He sends in their accounts every term, and receives the money through his banker; nay more, he takes in the bills of their tradesmen, and settles them also. Further, he has the disposal of the college rooms, and assigns them to their respective occupants. When I speak of the College Tutor, it must not be supposed that one man is equal to all this work in a large college—Trinity, for instance, which usually numbers four hundred under-graduates in residence. A large college has usually two Tutors—Trinity has three—and the students are equally divided among them—on their *sides* the phrase is—without distinction of year, or, as we should call it, of *class*. The jurisdiction of the rooms is divided in like manner. The Tutor is supposed to stand *in loco parentis*—but having sometimes more than a hundred young men under him, he cannot discharge his duties in this respect very thoroughly, nor is it generally expected that he should.

"To the Tutor, then, you go in October. Your name has been on the books since July. Mine was not, as I was a stranger. But that is merely a form. Before you are fairly in your college, you must pass an examination. At many of the colleges this is little more than nominal, any Master of Arts being qualified to admit a candidate; but at Trinity there is a regular test, though it must be owned the standard is not very high. The candidates for admission are examined in the First Book of the Iliad, the First Book of the Æneid, some easy Greek and Latin Prose, Arithmetic, the elements of Algebra, two Books of Euclid, and Paley's Natural Theology. Any one fitted for the Sophomore Class at Yale could pass here without trouble. The candidates are generally well

prepared, and the examiner lenient: out of one hundred and thirty or more who offer themselves, there are seldom more than four or five rejected. The principle seems to be, 'Let in every one, and if they can't keep on, that is their lookout.' In this way, various initiation fees are secured which would otherwise be lost. On a rough estimate, out of one hundred and twenty who enter every year at Trinity, more than twenty drop off by the beginning of the second year. This is the only entrance examination, and however much you may know, there is no such thing as entering in advance of the Freshman year, save only for men migrating from Oxford, who are allowed their Oxford terms, and can take second or third year rank at once. The regular examiners are the Dean and the Head Lecturer. The latter functionary was busy about some other matters when I presented myself several days after the beginning of the term. Accordingly, I was told that my classical examination would be postponed to some convenient opportunity, and meanwhile the Senior Dean would admit me on passing the mathematical part of the examination privately to him. This was the very thing I did not want, for I had literally not opened a mathematical book for two years. In a mixed examination I hoped that my classics would carry me through, but now I was called on to put the worst foot foremost at once. However, there was no help for it, so to the Dean's rooms I went next morning, and scribbled away for three or four hours, doing Quadratic Equations, and the *Pons Asinorum*, by *divisio*, as a Cantab says of doing anything which you learned so long ago that it seems to have been in a different stage of your being. Paley I had read within a year, and worked out an elaborate picture of the human eye to complete my performances. Somehow I nearly floored the paper, and came out feeling much more comfortable than when I went in. I might have been easy about it any way, for the Dons are always ready to smoothe the entrance for a Fellow-Commoner, and it was among this class of students that I enrolled myself by the Dean's advice.

"These Fellow-Commoners are 'young men of fortune,' as the *Cambridge Calendar* and *Cambridge Guide* have it, who, in consideration of their paying twice as much for everything as anybody else, are allowed the privilege of sitting at the Fellows' table in Hall and in their seats at Chapel; of wearing a gown with gold or silver lace, and a velvet cap with a metallic tassel; of having the first choice of rooms; and as is generally believed, and believed not without reason, of getting off with a less number of chapels per week. Among them are included the Honorables not eldest sons—only these wear a hat instead of the velvet cap, and are thence popularly known as *Hat Fellow-Commoners*. The noblemen proper, or eldest sons (of whom there are never many in Cambridge, Oxford presenting more attractions for them), wear the plain black silk gown and hat of an M.A., except on feast days and state occasions, when they come out in gowns still more gorgeous than those of the Fellow-Commoners. A Fellow-Commoner of economical habits (and it is not easy for one of them to be of such habits) requires £500 a year, and for the generality of them £800 is not too much. I made the experiment with £400, partly from ignorance, partly from the dashing way an American has of going at anything and trusting to Providence to get through. The not surprising result was that at the end of seven months I found myself a thousand dollars in debt. Indeed, so great is the expense necessarily incurred by this class, to say nothing of their greater temptation to unnecessary expenses, that even eldest sons of peers sometimes come up as Pensioners, and younger sons continually do."

Mr. Bristed tells us of Greek and Latin authors studied to an extent that makes our

head ache, and to master which certainly requires the *mens sana*, and we are told how a fit residence for this sound mind in *sano corpore* is secured. There is hard head work certainly at Cambridge, which can only be sustained by a good head, backed by a good physical condition. All manly exercises, boating, riding, and hard walking, are in great favor with the English student.

THE PHYSIQUE OF THE ENGLISH STUDENT.

"There is one great point where the English have the advantage over us: they understand how to take care of their health. Not that the Cantabs are either 'tee-totalers' or 'Grahamites.' There is indeed a tradition that a 'total-abstinence' society was once established in Cambridge, and that in three years it increased to two members; whether it be still in existence, however, I have not been able to learn. But every Cantab takes his two hours' exercise *per diem*, by walking, riding, rowing, fencing, gymnastics, &c. How many colleges are there here where the students average one hour a day real exercise? Our Columbia boys roll ten-pins and play billiards, which is better than nothing, but very inferior to out-door amusements. In New England (at least it was so ten years ago at Yale), the last thing thought of is exercise—even the mild walks which are dignified with the name of exercise there, how unlike the Cantab's constitutional of eight miles in less than two hours! If there is a fifteen days' prayer-meeting, or a thousand-and-first new debating-society, or a lecture on some *specialité* which may be of use to half-a-dozen out of the hundred or two who attend it, over goes the exercise at once. And the consequence is—what? There is not a finer-looking set of young men in the world than the Cantabs, and as to their health—why, one hundred and thirty Freshmen enter at Trinity every year, and it is no unfrequent occurrence that, whatever loss they sustain from other causes (accidents will happen in the best regulated colleges), death takes away none of them during the three years and a half which comprise their under-graduate course. Whose memory can match this at Yale? If our youngsters exercised their legs and arms just four times as much as they do, and their tongues ten times as little, it would be the better for them every way."

We shall again return to this volume for its abundant detail of personal observation, and for some matters of general reflection.

MELVILLE'S MOBY DICK; OR, THE WHALE.*

SECOND NOTICE.

A DIFFICULTY in the estimate of this, in common with one or two other of Mr. Melville's books, occurs from the double character under which they present themselves. In one light they are romantic fictions, in another statements of absolute fact. When to this is added that the romance is made a vehicle of opinion and satire through a more or less opaque allegorical veil, as particularly in the latter half of *Mardi*, and to some extent in this present volume, the critical difficulty is considerably thickened. It becomes quite impossible to submit such books to a distinct classification as fact, fiction, or essay. Something of a parallel may be found in Jean Paul's German tales, with an admixture of Southey's *Doctor*. Under these combined influences of personal observation, actual fidelity to local truthfulness in description, a taste for reading and sentiment, a fondness for fanciful analogies, near and remote, a rash daring in specula-

tion, reckless at times of taste and propriety, again refined and eloquent, this volume of *Moby Dick* may be pronounced a most remarkable sea-dish—an intellectual chowder of romance, philosophy, natural history, fine writing, good feeling, bad sayings—but over which, in spite of all uncertainties, and in spite of the author himself, predominates his keen perceptive faculties, exhibited in vivid narration.

There are evidently two if not three books in *Moby Dick* rolled into one. Book No. I. we could describe as a thorough exhaustive account admirably given of the great *Sperm Whale*. The information is minute, brilliantly illustrated, as it should be—the whale himself so generously illuminating the midnight page on which his memoirs are written—has its level passages, its humorous touches, its quaint suggestion, its incident usually picturesque and occasionally sublime. All this is given in the most delightful manner in "The Whale." Book No. 2 is the romance of Captain Ahab, Queequeg, Tashtego, Pip & Co., who are more or less spiritual personages talking and acting differently from the general business run of the conversation on the decks of whalers. They are for the most part very serious people, and seem to be concerned a great deal about the problem of the universe. They are striking characters withal, of the romantic spiritual cast of the German drama; realities of some kinds at bottom, but veiled in all sorts of poetical incidents and expressions. As a bit of German melodrama, with Captain Ahab for the Faust of the quarter-deck, and Queequeg with the crew, for Walpurgis night revellers in the fore-castle, it has its strong points, though here the limits as to space and treatment of the stage would improve it. *Moby Dick* in this view becomes a sort of fishy moralist, a leviathan metaphysician, a folio Ductor Dubitantium, in fact, in the fresh water illustration of Mrs. Malaprop, "an allegory on the banks of the Nile." After pursuing him in this melancholic company over a few hundred squares of latitude and longitude, we begin to have some faint idea of the association of whaling and lamentation, and why blubber is popularly synonymous with tears.

The intense Captain Ahab is too long drawn out; something more of *him* might, we think, be left to the reader's imagination. The value of this kind of writing can only be through the personal consciousness of the reader, what he brings to the book; and all this is sufficiently evoked by a dramatic trait or suggestion. If we had as much of Hamlet or Macbeth as Mr. Melville gives us of Ahab, we should be tired even of their sublime company. Yet Captain Ahab is a striking conception, firmly planted on the wild deck of the *Pequod*—a dark disturbed soul arraying itself with every ingenuity of material resources for a conflict at once natural and supernatural in his eye, with the most dangerous extant physical monster of the earth, embodying, in strongly drawn lines of mental association, the vaster moral evil of the world. The pursuit of the *White Whale* thus interweaves with the literal perils of the fishery—a problem of fate and destiny—to the tragic solution of which Ahab hurries on, amidst the wild stage scenery of the ocean. To this end the motley crew, the air, the sky, the sea, its inhabitants are idealized throughout. It is a noble and praiseworthy conception; and though our sympathies may not always ac-

* *Moby Dick*; or, *the Whale*. By Herman Melville. author of "Typee," "Omoo," "Redburn," "Mardi," "White-Jacket." New York: Harper & Brothers—London: Bentley.

cord with the train of thought, we would caution the reader against a light or hasty condemnation of this part of the work.

Book III, appropriating perhaps a fourth of the volume, is a vein of moralizing, half essay, half rhapsody, in which much refinement and subtlety, and no little poetical feeling, are mingled with quaint conceit and extravagant daring speculation. This is to be taken as in some sense dramatic; the narrator throughout among the personages of the Pequod being one Ishmael, whose wit may be allowed to be against everything on land, as his hand is against everything at sea. This piratical running down of creeds and opinions, the conceited indifference of Emerson, or the run-a-muck style of Carlyle is, we will not say dangerous in such cases, for there are various forces at work to meet more powerful onslaught, but it is out of place and uncomfortable. We do not like to see what, under any view, must be to the world the most sacred associations of life violated and defaced.

We call for fair play in this matter. Here is Ishmael, telling the story of this volume, going down on his knees with a cannibal to a piece of wood, in the second story fireplace of a New-Bedford tavern, in the spirit of amiable and transcendent charity, which may be all very well in its way; but why dislodge from heaven, with contumely, "long-pampered Gabriel, Michael and Raphael." Surely Ishmael, who is a scholar, might have spoken respectfully of the Archangel Gabriel, out of consideration, if not for the Bible (which might be asking too much of the school), at least for one John Milton, who wrote Paradise Lost.

Nor is it fair to inveigh against the terrors of priestcraft, which, skilful though it may be in making up its woes, at least seeks to provide a remedy for the evils of the world, and attribute the existence of conscience to "hereditary dyspepsias, nurtured by Ramadans"—and at the same time go about petrifying us with imaginary horrors, and all sorts of gloomy suggestions, all the world through. It is a curious fact that there are no more bilious people in the world, more completely filled with megrims and head shakings, than some of these very people who are constantly inveighing against the religious melancholy of priestcraft.

So much for the consistency of Ishmael—who, if it is the author's object to exhibit the painful contradictions of this self-dependent, self-torturing agency of a mind driven hither and thither as a flame in a whirlwind, is, in a degree, a successful embodiment of opinions, without securing from us, however, much admiration for the result.

With this we make an end of what we have been reluctantly compelled to object to this volume. With far greater pleasure, we acknowledge the acuteness of observation, the freshness of perception, with which the author brings home to us from the deep, "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," the weird influences of his ocean scenes, the salient imagination which connects them with the past and distant, the world of books and the life of experience—certain prevalent traits of manly sentiment. These are strong powers with which Mr. Melville wrestles in this book. It would be a great glory to subdue them to the highest uses of fiction. It is still a great honor, among the crowd of successful mediocrities which throng our publishers' counters, and know nothing of divine impulses, to be in the

company of these nobler spirits on any terms.

THE BOOK OF HOME BEAUTY.*

THE MAGNUM Opus of the Christmas gift books of the winter, the long expected and much talked-of tome, which has already formed no inconsiderable item of evening chit-chat, and furnished the material for a *pièce de circonstance* at the theatre, is now on the booksellers' tables, where you may any day see taper fingers turning over its crisp pages, and bright eyes glancing critically at its elegant illustrations.

Speculation has been as rife over the letter-press of this volume as over its portraits. Would it be biographical, or in any way personal? It was certainly a material for delicate handling. Mrs. Kirkland has cut the knot, by saying not a word touching the peculiar subject or subjects of the volume. In place thereof, she has given us a continuous work, which we cannot better describe than by saying it is a sort of modern Decameron. A party of ladies and gentlemen, old and young, married and single, come to the wise determination, in spring time, of not being drawn, for the coming summer at least, into the well nigh irresistible current, Saratoga and Newport-ward. They agree to pass the warm season in rational ruralizing, as far as possible from Herald letter writers, Brass bands (musical and social), and Fancy balls. With this view, a secluded country village is selected, in one of those delightful regions where the beauties of woodland and hillock combine with the sublimities of ocean, rich vegetation spreading as a carpet, near to, if not over, the sandy pavement of the sea beach. A country farm-house is selected, with a dame of tried culinary powers, and these preliminaries pleasantly provided for, down come the city people aforesaid.

So shrewd an observer as the author, does not let them pass without sketching each most happily and vividly for us. With the exception of an ethereal, absolute perfection young lady, the ladies and gentlemen of the party are good flesh and blood people of the genial class. The delights of "dipping," walking, riding, berrying, botanizing, pic-nicking, and eating John Bunceian bread and butter (reader, if you have read Amory's choice novel, you will pardon us for coining the adjective, and if you have not, you will thank us all the more after following up the acquaintanceship we here introduce you to), all this loses something of its zest, the party, though not of the high pressure, pleasure-hunting class, understand matters too well not to avoid "letting the thing drag," and the good time-honored device of the Decameron, or if you like a more orthodox example, of the "Lady of the Manor," is adopted. The plan, however, of the story-telling is varied, and with very happy effect. Instead of each of the circle telling a story in turn, each one writes a chapter of a continuous tale, the thing being started by the Admirable Crichton young lady to whom we have already referred, and followed up by each writing a chapter, taking up and carrying on the story where it has been left by his or her predecessor. This story is one of modern fashionable life, and also of private wedded happiness, or the means of its attainment, the narrative beginning where

novels usually end, and sober, real life begins, with the wedding ceremony. A gentleman of thirty, with a mind refined by travel and education, and consequently with little hold on fashionable life, except that afforded by the golden links of a long-filled purse, falls in love with and marries a young lady just quitting her teens, and consequently fully ready for her firs. Her character is yet unformed by trial and experience—one word would perhaps do for both, for they are usually synonymous—but the lover has a theory that there is a moral beauty combined with pure physical beauty, which will eventually evolve itself, and become the guiding principle of life—a very pretty theory, by the by, to get married on.

The young wife has a career of luxurious living open to her, which is a strong contrast to the elegant but restricted manner in which she has been brought up by a wise "Aunt Sarah," and falls a victim to its enticements, by which nothing much worse is meant than inordinate shopping, and a pursuit of the polka, under the difficulties of dragging an unwilling husband to the shrines of its celebrations, which he finds quite bad enough, but submits with wisdom. In this the lady is aided and abetted greatly by a sister of the husband, who, hearing he has commenced housekeeping, pays him a visit. She is a lady of fashion, and comes from Baltimore, is very finical and wayward in her fancies, and turns the house topsyturvy by her exactions for her whims, touching her personal comfort. Among other vagaries is one which strikes us as a little too great a stride beyond the conventionalities of the New York of 1851. We are aware that this fashionable life is a very strange and mysterious affair in books treating thereupon, but in the various strange things we have read in such voracious chronicles, we do not remember any incident equalling that of a lady, after retiring to rest, rousing an entire household with a demand for a bottle of champagne.

We must not, however, mar the interest of the Christmas gift by revealing further the plot of the story; but we cannot part from the bevy of ruralizing ladies without availing ourselves of one of Mrs. Clavers's admirable portraits, more literally from the life, perhaps than any of Mr. Martin's crayons.

MRS. WHIPPLE.

"Mrs. Whipple was called, in her neighborhood and at the watering-places which she was fond of frequenting, a grass-widow, and we must let the title stand for the position in which she lived, not knowing how to replace it by a better. A deserted wife she was not, exactly, since she was as little disposed to live with her husband as he could possibly be to seek her society; and they were on excellent terms, corresponding with great regularity. Scandal had never breathed upon Mrs. Whipple's good name; her behavior was unexceptionable; she never flirted; she was no babbler, nor did she often make mischief. She dressed with all her might and all her means; she never missed a party of pleasure, or neglected the opportunity for a visit; she chaperoned young ladies and advised young gentlemen; she knit stockings for the poor and embroidered slippers and smoking-caps for the rich; she was an indefatigable church-goer, and played a capital game of whist; was an adept in social etiquette, and an eloquent declaimer against the follies and heartlessness of fashionable society. Like that ingenious little figure which roll it where you will, has so many and such even sides that

* The Book of Home Beauty, by Mrs. Kirkland; with twelve portraits of American Ladies, from drawings by Charles Martin, Esq.; G. P. Putnam.

always stands firm, Mrs. Whipple was invariably 'all right' with regard to those around her. Serious with the serious, she never interfered with the whims of the gay. Not being inconveniently interested in anybody in particular, she was able to make herself agreeable to all, maintaining a friendly neutrality which interfered with no one's private likings or dislikings. We need not fill up this outline of Mrs. Whipple's character, for all our readers have doubtless seen a Mrs. Whipple."

We also insert the following passage on domestic cares of an interesting and important character, for the benefit of whom it may concern, whether gay Lady Teazles or suffering Benedicts:

"It may be only a fancy of ours, that Providence has so decidedly fitted woman for household cares, that she is never truly and healthily happy without them; but if it be a fancy, it is one which much observation has confirmed. If there be anything likely to banish the fiend *ennui* from the dwellings of women of fortune, it is the habit of assuming a moderate share of the daily cares which go to make home home. To do everything by proxy is to deprive ourselves of a thousand wholesome, cheerful, innocent interests; to nourish our pride and indolence at the expense of our affections; to sacrifice the life of life to a notion of gentility, poor, hollow, and barren; nay, is there not something almost impious in scorning the position for which God so evidently designed woman, and living an artificial life of our own devising, deputing our duties and privileges to hirelings?"

"It is a singular delusion, this, of some women, and of American women in particular, for we know that even in England women of fortune are much more truly domestic in their tastes and habits than we. We remember a story of a certain Duchess cleaning some picture-frames, when a *protégée* who happened to be present officiously desired to take the office upon herself.

"'Child!' said her grace, 'don't you suppose I should have called a servant if I had not chosen to do it myself?'"

"The German ladies, with all their cultivation, take the most intimate interest in householdry, and they are remarkable for cheerfulness of temper, for natural and charming manners, and for the intelligence and vivacity of their conversational powers. Who knows but the terrible dearth of subjects of conversation among us might be somewhat mitigated, if our ladies spent a part of every morning among the various cares and duties, on the proper performance of which so much of the comfort and happiness of life depends, and which call into action far higher powers than those required for the bald chit-chat of an evening party, or the inanities of a morning call?"

"The universal sentiment of men is in favor of active domestic habits for women. It is said that men 'love to see women delicate,' and so they do, doubtless. But does any moderate amount of attention to home affairs deprive a lady of her delicacy? It may prevent the delicacy of dyspepsia, but few gentlemen admire that. Indeed we have yet to discover the man of sense who is displeased by his wife's personal care of the comfort and economy of her house. Those whose lives are embittered by the lack of it are not far to seek. No houses are regulated with such neatness, accuracy, and elegance as those in which the ladies of the family take a personal part in household duties.

"Goethe says of a young woman of his friends—and a man of genius is entitled to speak for his sex:—'After the death of her mother, she displayed a high degree of activity as the head of a numerous young family, and, alone, had sustained her father in his widowhood. The future husband could thus hope an equal blessing for himself and his descendants, and expect

a decided domestic happiness. Every one confessed that she was a woman to be wished for. She was one of those, who, if they do not inspire vehement passion, are found to excite a universal pleasure. A lightly formed, symmetrical figure, a pure healthy nature, and the glad activity that arises from it, an unembarrassed care for daily necessities, with all these she was endowed. The observation of these qualities was always agreeable to me, and I always sought the society of those who possessed them.'"

The volume is plentifully interspersed with choice poetic extracts, for which Mrs. Kirkland has a happy eye. She speaks of these as an important part of her design, the development of the beautiful, in her pleasant preface.

The portraits, twelve in number, are all executed with Mr. Martin's well known facility and elegance. They are, however, with one or two very spirited exceptions, somewhat deficient in individuality and vraisemblance, and we are occasionally tempted to believe that the artist has shared in the evident desire of the publisher and editor to avoid any appearance of personality.

So far as our knowledge goes, there has been no lack of verbal criticism over these plates, and our experience of the amenities of human nature leads us to suspect that there will not be any lack during the rest of its career, which is not of so ephemeral a nature as at first sight may be supposed. It will disappear, it is true, soon after New Year's day from the parlor table, but it will be to a place of safe-keeping, whence, in a score or half century of years, it will emerge, to be studied with an interest greater perhaps than that of its virgin freshness. May there be found then among such lookers on the faces, imbued with that beauty which a life of active cheerful goodness preserves in winning charm, even to old age, which now smile upon us in vernal freshness of youth and summer radiance of matronhood.

THE CAPTAINS OF THE OLD WORLD.*

MR. HERBERT is known to the public as a ready writer, who ranges over a wide field of production, turning his hand with facility and spirit from the adjustment of a Greek accent to the discussion of a historic character or the discharge of a Manton, and the Epicurean relish of a canvas-back sacrificed to the fatality of his own trigger. There is always a disposition, however, to return to the classical theme, and no matter how often or how far he may wander, we are pretty sure to have him periodically presenting us with a book like the one before us. He professes now to reveal to us, on a well-chosen and well-disposed plan, the inner life and the motives of the career of some of the great men of antiquity; to popularize their history in a form and style adapted to the un-scholastic masses. His object has been to furnish authentic details concerning the chief generals of old times, with the particulars of their campaigns and conduct; to illustrate their performances by comparison with the rules and principles of modern warfare, so traced as to locality that they can be followed upon the modern map, with accurate accounts of dress, scenery, and habits—making altogether a book of parallels between

* *The Captains of the Old World: as Compared with the great Modern Strategists, their Campaigns, Characters, and Conduct, from the Persian to the Punic Wars.* By Henry William Herbert. New York: Charles Scribner.

ancient and modern history in regard to the relative skill of the earlier and later strategists and tacticians. For this purpose he has selected as subjects of comment, not the fighting men and commanders of antiquity, but such only as have originated new principles of discipline and war, and set in motion great historical developments and national issues. In pursuit of this judiciously chosen scheme, Mr. Herbert has given us an introductory chapter on the tactics of the Grecian and Roman strategy, illustrated in the Homeric armies; the phalanx, the Rhodian slingers, the legion, and other practices of the ancient military discipline. His first captain is Miltiades, who is carefully considered in the spirit of the author's announcement—then Themistocles, Pausanias, Xenophon, Epaminondas, Alexander, and lastly Hannibal. Of this great captain, pronounced by Mr. Herbert the greatest beyond question of all antiquity, he furnishes a parallel with the greatest of all modern generals, in which the reader has a fair example of the author's style, and a sufficient ground on which to form a judgment as to the spirit in which the work is executed:

"Scarce any one at all familiar with history can have failed to observe the extraordinary parallelism between the campaigns, the military conduct, and the fortunes of Hannibal and Napoleon. That parallelism is thus strikingly touched upon by Arnold. 'Twice,' he says, 'in history has there been witnessed the struggle of the highest individual genius against the resources and institutions of a great nation; and in both cases the nation has been victorious. For seventeen years Hannibal strove against Rome; for sixteen years Napoleon Bonaparte strove against England; the efforts of the first ended in Zama, those of the second in Waterloo.' The extraordinary similitude of the genius, conduct, and military character of these two giants in arms, is far from ending with this general resemblance. Almost from point to point, their destinies are similar. At the age of twenty-six, Hannibal was elected to the supreme command of the Carthaginian armies, and thenceforth to the close of the war he disposed at his will the resources, and held in the hollow of his hand the councils of his country. At the age of twenty-six, Napoleon assumed the command of the army of Italy, and from thence his fortunes and his will were those of France. The scenes of the glory of both were the Alps and Italy. Both had the faculty of seeing at a glance where the blow must be planted, which should cripple the enemy; both delivered that blow instantaneously and irresistibly. Both had the same reliance on their cavalry as an arm of service; Hannibal winning by it all his greatest victories, and Napoleon insisting to the last, that cavalry in equal force, equally led, must conquer infantry. Both vanquished every leader in the field, whom he personally encountered, save the very last; and there is probably no one so prejudiced as to assert at this day that either Hannibal or Napoleon found in his conqueror a superior in strategy or in military genius. Nor does the similarity end even here; for both found their final vanquishers in generals made in Spain by conflicts with their own lieutenants, who were in no wise superior to other eminent leaders of their enemy; and both ultimately perished miserably, in exile, victims to the countries which they had kept so long in awe and perturbation.

"In a military point of view, the correctness of their *coup d'ail*; the lightning speed with which they followed up conception by execution; the power of concentration, by which constantly inferior on the whole, in force, they were ever superior at the point of action; the marvellous foresight, by which they showed seeming rashness to be real prudence; the thunderous

crash with which, when they delivered battles, they annihilated, not conquered, their antagonists; nay, the unerring certainty with which they threw themselves on the communications of their enemy, and defeated at a blow the most skilful combinations, were identical in these two mighty captains—none other, in my opinion, ever have possessed the same qualities, or used them with the same effect. Both were the makers of their own systems, the founders of their own schools; but on the whole, I must consider Hannibal as the greater strategist of the two; because, in the first place, he was the prime originator and inventor, while his great eulogist, and in some points imitator, had the benefit of his example, as well as that of other mighty conquerors; and in the second place, because with means infinitely inferior, against obstacles infinitely greater, and without the aid of modern science, he accomplished, what may be held to have been, in the then condition of the world, results nearly equal.

"As men of genuine greatness—I shall observe only, that no single act of Hannibal's life ever subserved to any selfish motive or ministered to his own aggrandizement; and that no single act of Napoleon's did not so. The consideration of self would seem never to have occurred to the one; to have been ever present to the other. Both were fanatics for glory; the one because his own was his country's; the other, because his country's was his own. Both were accused by their enemies of great moral crimes and turpitude; and both, in the main, unjustly. It is one of the sad truths concerning warfare, but no less a truth; that, in playing the game of war, with nations for playthings and the world for a field, expediency must be in a great degree the moral rule; and that, if the game is to be played at all, the sufferings or the lives of individuals, even if those individuals be counted by thousands, must not be considered, where the sufferings or the lives of millions are in question. The sin lies in the playing the game at all, not in the details or practice of the play. Both these great men were stern and unrelenting in carrying out the lines which they held it true policy to lay down; neither, so far as history shows, was tainted in the least degree by anything resembling personal cruelty. Both have been accused of faithlessness—a charge never in any case to be much regarded, as brought between nations; for nations are ever prompt to reclaim loudly, when the losers, against deeds, the like of which themselves commit readily, when the winners. In the case of Hannibal, the Romans had all the history-writing to themselves; thence, Punic faith is to this day the proverb for entire faithlessness. Had the French writers alone made the world's annals of the late great struggle, 'perfidious Albion' had gone down a byword to all ages. Had the English held the like station, the utter faithlessness of Napoleon would have become proverbial with posterity."

A Comprehensive Lexicon of the Greek Language, adapted to the use of Schools and Colleges in the United States. By John Pickering, LL.D. Boston: Wilkins, Carter & Co. 1851.—The translation of old Schrevelius, with the addition of over 2000 articles, by Pickering & Oliver in 1826, the same year in which Donagan's Lexicon was produced in England, was the first book to relieve American students from the irksome drudgery of endeavoring to acquire one dead language through the medium of another still more difficult. In 1829 Mr. Pickering published another edition of the work with more than 10,000 additional articles, besides numerous other improvements. And in 1846, only a few months after his lamented decease, the work appeared in its present greatly enlarged and improved form. Besides the vocabulary of the preceding edition, it contains all the words in Liddell & Scott's smaller Lexicon and in that of Dunbar. In addition to various

other sources, Dr. Pickering availed himself, as far as they were published, of Rost & Palm's new edition of Passow and of Pipe's great Lexicon, then issuing in Germany, the former of which is not yet completed. One feature of the work, which greatly enhances its utility to the tyro in a language so highly inflected and containing such an exuberance of forms as the Greek, is the insertion in alphabetical order of the oblique cases and dialectical or unusual forms of nouns, adjectives, and pronouns, and the principal tenses of anomalous verbs. It is thus clearly what it purports to be, "adapted to the use of schools and colleges in the United States." While for the purposes of the more advanced scholar it would be idle to set it up as a rival to the copious and masterly work of Passow, as improved by the labors of Liddell & Scott and still further by our own Drisler, it is equally certain that Pickering's is a better book for the beginner. It is as great a mistake to place in the hands of a beginner the apparatus adapted to the wants of one whose knowledge is no longer of a rudimentary description, as it would be were one to envelope the tender limbs of a child in the ample and ponderous garments of the future man. As the grammar for a beginner should be simple and concise, containing nothing to confuse his mind or draw away his attention from the fundamental facts and principles with which he is to store his memory, so his dictionary should be of a reasonable compass, and contain only the words and meanings of those classical authors which he is expected to peruse. The advanced scholar has occasion to consult his lexicon only now and then, and his grand desideratum is an oracle whose responses will never fail; but to the tyro, who has to look out a large proportion of the words in each sentence, everything which impedes the ready finding of the word and meaning sought is a serious disadvantage. The vocabulary of Pickering's Lexicon is abundantly copious even for one who has made considerable progress in Greek studies; and its stout fair paper, clear and open type, good black ink, and liberal margin, deserve high commendation, as tending greatly to facilitate the use of the book and to preserve the student's eyes. In fact its form and style could not well be improved, as long as the absurd fashion prevails of forcing works of every size and description into the octavo shape; but we hope to see the time when the quartos and small folios of our forefathers, so much better adapted for large lexicons, on account of the smaller number of leaves to be turned over and the less temptations they afford to sight-destroying typography, will again be brought into use.

Newman & Barrett's Dictionary of the Spanish and English Languages. Boston: Wilkins, Carter & Co. 1851.—The increasing intercourse of our countrymen with Spanish America and the recent accession of a Spanish-speaking population to our Union, gives rise to a constant corresponding increase in the number of students of the noblest living representative of the ancient Roman speech. Newman & Barrett's Dictionary has long been of service in making the English and Spanish speaking populations of the world acquainted with each other, and doubtless it will continue to perform the same good office for some time to come. The convenient shape in which it is issued by our Boston friends, that of a goodly tome—two volumes in one—of between thirteen and fourteen hundred pages, renders it well adapted as a manual for the student's table or the trunk of the emigrant to New Mexico or California. Still we cannot help declaring that this book, like nearly all the dictionaries of the modern languages, is sadly behind the requirements of the present advanced state of philological science. On the interesting and instructive subject of Spanish etymologies it furnishes no information whatever: the reader is never told whether a word is derived from the Latin, the Gothic,

the Arabic, or the Mexican, or what was its original form and meaning. The vocabulary, too, is not as full as it should be; and the definitions are often meagre and unsatisfactory. A Spanish-English Dictionary for the use of Americans should fully exhibit the language as spoken in Spanish America, our intercourse with which is infinitely greater than with old Spain. But in vain will the student consult this book before us for the peculiar senses in which many words are used in America, as for instance *adobe*, *aguardiente*, *arroyo*, *cañon*, *cascabella*, *mestizo*, *peon*, *pinole*, *pueblo*, *rancha*. Many words of common use derived from the Mexican and other Indian languages are also not to be found, such as *coyote*, *frijole*, *guayave*, *metate*, *mezquite*, *pitahaya*, *sarape*, *tiste*, *zacate*. The same observations are applicable to the English-Spanish part. The production of a large dictionary is a very tedious and expensive operation; and hence we are often obliged to wait for a good one long after the defects of existing ones have become fully apparent. But the simple fact that a good Spanish dictionary at this time is sure to pay will doubtless bring one forth ere long. When that time arrives, we can afford to let Newman & Barrett withdraw into the honorable retirement which their contemporary, Boyer, has long occupied.

An Analysis of the English Language, with a complete Classification of Sentences and Phrases. By S. W. Clark, A.M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1851.—This is one of those elaborately crumbed books which schoolmasters are so fond of producing, and which none but a wretched schoolboy is ever expected to read. Perhaps in the hands of a zealous teacher it may work better in actual practice than a mere inspection would lead one to expect; but to us it seems that the wilderness of hair-splitting definitions, analyses, and odd-looking diagrams would be sufficient, if not to set a child mad, at least to disgust him with the very name of grammar for the rest of his days. A subject so abstract in its nature and yet so necessary to be understood should be presented to the pupil in language well chosen and of the utmost simplicity: a couple of extracts, however, will show that the style of this book, as is too customary in such productions, is both excessively pedantic and incorrect. "A sentence is an assemblage of words, so arranged as to assert (!) an entire proposition." "A Phrase is two or more words, properly arranged, not constituting an entire proposition, but performing a distinct etymological (!) office, in the structure of a sentence."

The New Carmina Sacra; or, Boston Collection of Church Music. By Lowell Mason. Boston: Wilkins, Carter & Co. (Published under the sanction of the Boston Academy of Music.)—The fame of the *Carmina Sacra* and its editor is too widely spread "in all the churches," to need any further recommendation for the work in its present form than the simple statement, which we extract from the Publishers' notice, that the *New Carmina Sacra* is made up of the most popular and useful tunes and pieces of the old work, and a selection of the best tunes from the editor's numerous publications, and from other valuable sources, especially Zeuner's American Harp.

Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary. By General Klapka. Translated from the original Manuscript, by Otto Wenckstern. 2 vols. London: Charles Gilpin.—This volume, as one of the most authentic contributions to the history of the Hungarian War, is worth consulting at the present time. Gen. Klapka, one of the leading soldiers of the struggle, Secretary at War to the Commonwealth, and, at one time, Commandant of Comorn, gives a military view of the important affairs which came under his eye. The two figures which stand prominently forth in these scenes, Görgey and Kossuth, are characterized with discrimination. The soldierly qualities of the

former are spoken of with admiration, but he wanted heart and a moral courage superior to that of the bravest mere man of fighting. Of Kossuth, Gorgey, among the distractions at Debrecin, once wrote to Gen. Klapka: "Do not ask me to tell you what I felt, surrounded as I was by the vanity of passion and the blindness of ambition. *Kossuth alone is a classical and generous character. It is a pity he is not a soldier.*" Had he been a soldier in the field, he might have added one more claim to approximation to the character of Washington.

Heaven; or, an Earnest and Scriptural Inquiry into the Abode of the Sainted Dead. By Rev. H. Harbaugh. 2d edition.—*The Heavenly Recognition; or, an Earnest and Scriptural Discussion of the Question, Will we know our Friends in Heaven?* By Rev. H. Harbaugh. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.—These two works, the second of which has just appeared as a corollary or sequence of the first, are from the pen of an American-German Divine of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. They display considerable verbal ingenuity, the logic of which may sometimes be questioned, with a warmth of pious expression, the good intention of which is less disputable, in the maintenance of what may be generally described as a somewhat materialized view of a future state. The argument by which this is advanced is beset with theological difficulties, though the prevalent sentiment of the work may be conceded by many minds. Our heavens, says Charles Lamb, are the products of our temperaments; and it is as a sentiment, and not as a metaphysical speculation, that the subject of this volume is profitable. If we bring all that is pure, noble, and elevated in our nature to bear upon the theme, the result to us, whether we handle types or realities, will be alike productive of good. Far different will it be if we find but a text for controversy and dispute. The style of the author is loose and flowing; but it displays at times, in the non-argumentative parts, a warmth and enthusiasm likely to engage the heart of the reader.

The Woodbine: a Holiday Gift. Edited by Caroline May. With illustrations.—*The Star of Bethlehem; or, Stories for Christmas*, with illustrations. By Rev. H. Hastings Weld. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.—Two pleasant contributions to the holiday gift-books of the seasons. The illustrations are English engravings, while the text, in the one case an excellent selection of agreeable compositions, interspersed with original papers from the accomplished pen of the lady editor, in the other a profitable improvement of the season by the public's once editorial friend, but now clerical Mr. Weld, fairly meet the requirements of the occasion. A sonnet by Charles Lamb at the porch of Miss May's Woodbine arbor, gracefully propitiates the reader's entrance beyond.

SONNET.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

METHINKS how dainty sweet it were, reclined
Beneath the vast outspreading branches high
Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,
Nor of the busier scenes we left behind
Aught envying. And, oh! Anna, wild-eyed maid,
Beloved! I were well content to play
With thy free tresses all a summer's day,
Losing the time beneath the greenwood shade.
Or we might sit and tell some tender tale
Of faithful vows repaid by cruel scorn,
A tale of true love, or of friend forgot;
And I would teach thee, lady, how to rail
In gentle sort, on those who practise not
Or love or pity, though of woman born.

The Power of Christian Benevolence, illustrated in the Life and Labors of Mary Lyon. Compiled by Edward Hitchcock, D.D., with the assistance of others. 3d edition. Northampton: Hopkins, Bridgman & Co.—The subject of this memoir was a lady of Massachusetts, who, springing from one of the humble homes of New England, early developed a tact and industry in learning and teaching others, which eventually blossomed before the world in the foundation of the Mount Holyoke Female Se-

minary at Northampton. Her character for resolution, practical diligence, and religious principle, was so remarkable as to call forth at her death a distinct analysis from Dr. Hitchcock, who has edited, from memoirs by her associates, and from his own personal recollections, this minute account of her career. It is a grateful memorial of New England character, involving the history of an important educational movement.

Woman in her Various Relations; containing Practical Rules for American Females. By Mrs. L. G. Abell. Holdredge.—This is not a book of general talk on rights, duties, and obligations, the sphere of woman, &c., but a practical work on everyday matters of domestic economy, health, social intercourse, and other familiar matters, which abounds with excellent suggestions, conveyed in a clear and unpretending manner.

Aunt Mary's Tales for Boys and Girls. By Mrs. Hughs. With illustrations. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.—A collection of tales in a stout little volume, with good morals and large type, for young readers.

THOUGHTS.

THE summer days are passing, and the last
sweet southern breeze
Keeps rocking, rocking mournfully the leafless
forest trees,
And sighing in night-time, through the midnight
wild and dread,
And mourning as a mother round the cradle of
her dead.
The curtains white within the dusk like spirits
seem to me,
Now stealing 'round the window sill so wild
and fitfully,
Now mounting to the ceiling high; then falling
as the breeze
Floats out again to sing his dirge among the
dark old trees.

My thoughts are off! I will not check their cur-
rent, sweet and wild,
Once more I'm in my mountains blue where first
I wept and smiled.
No longer in my sadness for the long lost hours
I pine,
My mother's orbs so tenderly are looking into
mine.
I'm sobbing on her bosom in the solemn sum-
mer ev'n,
As she tells me that her spirit pines to wing its
way to heaven.
And she's talking still so pleasantly far in the
silent night,
Until those midnight hours at last have melted
into light.

I wake! she's gone! the tears are warm upon
my pillow soft,
The winds are loudly shrieking in the leafless
boughs aloft.
Where is the hand I thought had smoothed so
lovingly each tress,
Alas, 'twas but the playful wind that gave the
sweet caress.
Where are those orbs so sorrowful that watched
me day by day?
Ah, autumn winds, wild autumn, can ye not
cease and say?
Those eyes gone! for ever gone! and I must
dreaming be,
For only two soft twilight stars are looking
down at me.

Ah, autumn winds, wild autumn winds, in pity
cease your song,
Ye course the vistas of the past with faces lost
to throng,
Your notes are sometimes pleasant, yet they
give the spirit pain,
You'll break my heart if thus you sigh the live-
long night again.
And midnight star which looks on me, ye need
no vigils keep,

I'd rather *not* such silent eyes should watch
me in my sleep,
And I must banish these wild thoughts;—be-
hold the dawning day,
Sleep, blessed sleep, oh, come to me! Spectres
of night away!

MELODIA.

COLUMBIA, Tenn.

THE INVERNSNAID INN.

AN IMPROMPTU ON THE SPOT, BY AN AMERICAN
TOURIST.

THE summer is ended—the dark days begin,
It's all over now with the Inversnaid Inn,
Ben Lomond's dark frown—the tempest-tost
loch,

The wind as it whistles in forest and rock,
The leaves falling thick o'er the bog and the
brook,

But more plainly the leaves of the Visitor's
Book,

Proclaim the sad truth that the cold days begin,
And it's all over now with the Inversnaid Inn.

On the rugged hill-sides, in the valley profound,
The "travelling public" no longer abound,
No more the tall Scot in his buskins and plaid,
Arrives with the question, "What drink's to be
had?"

Or the Englishman comes from his walk or his
sail,

With eager impatience for mutton and ale;

Or Irishman fresh from his darlin' Dublin

Makes merry the walls of the Inversnaid Inn!

Nor more shall the Student, just out for a
"lark,"

With his head growing light as the night grows
more dark,

Or the mercantile gent, from Glasgow or Perth,
Who looks at the landscape to see *what it's*
worth,

Or the travelling parson or respited jurist,

Or clerk out on leave, or tradesman turned
tourist,

By the waiter who thinks that to smile is a sin,
Be received at the doors of the Inversnaid Inn!

No more from the steamer the crowd shall
repair,

Allured by the Rhetoric of Innkeeper Blair,

No more by the hill-side so barren and drear,
On the road to "Loch Katrine the steed shall
career,"

Or parties of pleasure wind round through the
Trossachs,

To swear that they treat them there worse
than the Cossacks,

And advise future travellers rather to pin

Their faith on the landlord of Inversnaid Inn.

No more shall my Lord with his chaplain and
groom

Have his luncheon served up in a separate
room,

Or "honorable Miss," or dishonorable Misters
Come down from Ben Lomond with feet full of
blisters,

Or couples just out on a honeymoon jaunt,
Or lovers distressed by some watchful old aunt,

Steal out in the evening by moonlight to win
A snug tête-à-tête by the Inversnaid Inn.

No! the summer is ended—the winter begun;
From Glasgow and Stirling the last coach has
run,

The last joint has been cooked, and broiled the
last bacon,

The last bottle broached, the last toddy taken,
The last bill receipted, the last guinea paid,

The last shilling dealt to the prim chamber-
maid;

The landlord may dig, and the landlady spin,
For they'll get no more cash from the Inversnaid
Inn.

Well, such is our life! the season flies fast,
The breezes of Fortune give way to its blast,

crash with which, when they delivered battles, they annihilated, not conquered, their antagonists; nay, the unerring certainty with which they threw themselves on the communications of their enemy, and defeated at a blow the most skilful combinations, were identical in these two mighty captains—none other, in my opinion, ever have possessed the same qualities, or used them with the same effect. Both were the makers of their own systems, the founders of their own schools; but on the whole, I must consider Hannibal as the greater strategist of the two; because, in the first place, he was the prime originator and inventor, while his great eulogist, and in some points imitator, had the benefit of his example, as well as that of other mighty conquerors; and in the second place, because with means infinitely inferior, against obstacles infinitely greater, and without the aid of modern science, he accomplished, what may be held to have been, in the then condition of the world, results nearly equal.

"As men of genuine greatness—I shall observe only, that no single act of Hannibal's life ever subserved to any selfish motive or ministered to his own aggrandizement; and that no single act of Napoleon's did not so. The consideration of self would seem never to have occurred to the one; to have been ever present to the other. Both were fanatics for glory; the one because his own was his country's; the other, because his country's was his own. Both were accused by their enemies of great moral crimes and turpitude; and both, in the main, unjustly. It is one of the sad truths concerning warfare, but no less a truth; that, in playing the game of war, with nations for playthings and the world for a field, expediency must be in a great degree the moral rule; and that, if the game is to be played at all, the sufferings or the lives of individuals, even if those individuals be counted by thousands, must not be considered, where the sufferings or the lives of millions are in question. The sin lies in the playing the game at all, not in the details or practice of the play. Both these great men were stern and unrelenting in carrying out the lines which they held it true policy to lay down; neither, so far as history shows, was tainted in the least degree by anything resembling personal cruelty. Both have been accused of faithlessness—a charge never in any case to be much regarded, as brought between nations; for nations are ever prompt to reclaim loudly, when the losers, against deeds, the like of which themselves commit readily, when the winners. In the case of Hannibal, the Romans had all the history-writing to themselves; thence, Punic faith is to this day the proverb for entire faithlessness. Had the French writers alone made the world's annals of the late great struggle, 'perfidious Albion' had gone down a byword to all ages. Had the English held the like station, the utter faithlessness of Napoleon would have become proverbial with posterity."

A Comprehensive Lexicon of the Greek Language, adapted to the use of Schools and Colleges in the United States. By John Pickering, L.L.D. Boston: Wilkins, Carter & Co. 1851.—The translation of old Schrevelius, with the addition of over 2000 articles, by Pickering & Oliver in 1826, the same year in which Donagan's Lexicon was produced in England, was the first book to relieve American students from the irksome drudgery of endeavoring to acquire one dead language through the medium of another still more difficult. In 1829 Mr. Pickering published another edition of the work with more than 10,000 additional articles, besides numerous other improvements. And in 1846, only a few months after his lamented decease, the work appeared in its present greatly enlarged and improved form. Besides the vocabulary of the preceding edition, it contains all the words in Liddell & Scott's smaller Lexicon and in that of Dunbar. In addition to various

other sources, Dr. Pickering availed himself, as far as they were published, of Rost & Palm's new edition of Passow and of Pape's great Lexicon, then issuing in Germany, the former of which is not yet completed. One feature of the work, which greatly enhances its utility to the tyro in a language so highly inflected and containing such an exuberance of forms as the Greek, is the insertion in alphabetical order of the oblique cases and dialectical or unusual forms of nouns, adjectives, and pronouns, and the principal tenses of anomalous verbs. It is thus clearly what it purports to be, "adapted to the use of schools and colleges in the United States." While for the purposes of the more advanced scholar it would be idle to set it up as a rival to the copious and masterly work of Passow, as improved by the labors of Liddell & Scott and still further by our own Drisler, it is equally certain that Pickering's is a better book for the beginner. It is as great a mistake to place in the hands of a beginner the apparatus adapted to the wants of one whose knowledge is no longer of a rudimentary description, as it would be were one to envelope the tender limbs of a child in the ample and ponderous garments of the future man. As the grammar for a beginner should be simple and concise, containing nothing to confuse his mind or draw away his attention from the fundamental facts and principles with which he is to store his memory, so his dictionary should be of a reasonable compass, and contain only the words and meanings of those classical authors which he is expected to peruse. The advanced scholar has occasion to consult his lexicon only now and then, and his grand desideratum is an oracle whose responses will never fail; but to the tyro, who has to look out a large proportion of the words in each sentence, everything which impedes the ready finding of the word and meaning sought is a serious disadvantage. The vocabulary of Pickering's Lexicon is abundantly copious even for one who has made considerable progress in Greek studies; and its stout fair paper, clear and open type, good black ink, and liberal margin, deserve high commendation, as tending greatly to facilitate the use of the book and to preserve the student's eyes. In fact its form and style could not well be improved, as long as the absurd fashion prevails of forcing works of every size and description into the octavo shape; but we hope to see the time when the quartos and small folios of our forefathers, so much better adapted for large lexicons, on account of the smaller number of leaves to be turned over and the less temptations they afford to sight-destroying typography, will again be brought into use.

Newman & Barrett's Dictionary of the Spanish and English Languages. Boston: Wilkins, Carter & Co. 1851.—The increasing intercourse of our countrymen with Spanish America and the recent accession of a Spanish-speaking population to our Union, gives rise to a constant corresponding increase in the number of students of the noblest living representative of the ancient Roman speech. Newman & Barrett's Dictionary has long been of service in making the English and Spanish speaking populations of the world acquainted with each other, and doubtless it will continue to perform the same good office for some time to come. The convenient shape in which it is issued by our Boston friends, that of a goodly tome—two volumes in one—of between thirteen and fourteen hundred pages, renders it well adapted as a manual for the student's table or the trunk of the emigrant to New Mexico or California. Still we cannot help declaring that this book, like nearly all the dictionaries of the modern languages, is sadly behind the requirements of the present advanced state of philological science. On the interesting and instructive subject of Spanish etymologies it furnishes no information whatever: the reader is never told whether a word is derived from the Latin, the Gothic,

the Arabic, or the Mexican, or what was its original form and meaning. The vocabulary, too, is not as full as it should be; and the definitions are often meagre and unsatisfactory. A Spanish-English Dictionary for the use of Americans should fully exhibit the language as spoken in Spanish America, our intercourse with which is infinitely greater than with old Spain. But in vain will the student consult this book before us for the peculiar senses in which many words are used in America, as for instance *adobe*, *aguardiente*, *arroyo*, *cañon*, *cascabella*, *mestizo*, *peon*, *pinole*, *pueblo*, *ranchito*. Many words of common use derived from the Mexican and other Indian languages are also not to be found, such as *coyote*, *frijole*, *guayave*, *metate*, *mezquite*, *pitahaya*, *sarape*, *tiste*, *zacate*. The same observations are applicable to the English-Spanish part. The production of a large dictionary is a very tedious and expensive operation; and hence we are often obliged to wait for a good one long after the defects of existing ones have become fully apparent. But the simple fact that a good Spanish dictionary at this time is sure to pay will doubtless bring one forth ere long. When that time arrives, we can afford to let Newman & Barrett withdraw into the honorable retirement which their contemporary, Boyer, has long occupied.

An Analysis of the English Language, with a complete Classification of Sentences and Phrases. By S. W. Clark, A.M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1851.—This is one of those elaborately crabbéd books which schoolmasters are so fond of producing, and which none but a wretched schoolboy is ever expected to read. Perhaps in the hands of a zealous teacher it may work better in actual practice than a mere inspection would lead one to expect; but to us it seems that the wilderness of hair-splitting definitions, analyses, and odd-looking diagrams would be sufficient, if not to set a child mad, at least to disgust him with the very name of grammar for the rest of his days. A subject so abstract in its nature and yet so necessary to be understood should be presented to the pupil in language well chosen and of the utmost simplicity: a couple of extracts, however, will show that the style of this book, as is too customary in such productions, is both excessively pedantic and incorrect. "A sentence is an assemblage of words, so arranged as to assert (!) an entire proposition." "A Phrase is two or more words, properly arranged, not constituting an entire proposition, but performing a distinct etymological (!) office, in the structure of a sentence."

The New Carmina Sacra; or, Boston Collection of Church Music. By Lowell Mason. Boston: Wilkins, Carter & Co. (Published under the sanction of the Boston Academy of Music.)—The fame of the *Carmina Sacra* and its editor is too widely spread "in all the churches," to need any further recommendation for the work in its present form than the simple statement, which we extract from the Publishers' notice, that the *New Carmina Sacra* is made up of the most popular and useful tunes and pieces of the old work, and a selection of the best tunes from the editor's numerous publications, and from other valuable sources, especially Zeigner's American Harp.

Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary. By General Klapka. Translated from the original Manuscript, by Otto Wenckstern. 2 vols. London: Charles Gilpin.—This volume, as one of the most authentic contributions to the history of the Hungarian War, is worth consulting at the present time. Gen. Klapka, one of the leading soldiers of the struggle, Secretary at War to the Commonwealth, and, at one time, Commandant of Comorn, gives a military view of the important affairs which came under his eye. The two figures which stand prominently forth in these scenes, Görgey and Kossuth, are characterized with discrimination. The soldierly qualities of the

former are spoken of with admiration, but he wanted heart and a moral courage superior to that of the bravest mere man of fighting. Of Kosuth, Görgey, among the distractions at Debrecin, once wrote to Gen. Klapka: "Do not ask me to tell you what I felt, surrounded as I was by the vanity of passion and the blindness of ambition. Kosuth alone is a classical and generous character. It is a pity he is not a soldier." Had he been a soldier in the field, he might have added one more claim to approximation to the character of Washington.

Heaven; or, an Earnest and Scriptural Inquiry into the Abode of the Sainted Dead. By Rev. H. Harbaugh. 2d edition.—*The Heavenly Recognition; or, an Earnest and Scriptural Discussion of the Question, Will we know our Friends in Heaven?* By Rev. H. Harbaugh. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.—These two works, the second of which has just appeared as a corollary or sequence of the first, are from the pen of an American-German Divine of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. They display considerable verbal ingenuity, the logic of which may sometimes be questioned, with a warmth of pious expression, the good intention of which is less disputable, in the maintenance of what may be generally described as a somewhat materialized view of a future state. The argument by which this is advanced is beset with theological difficulties, though the prevalent sentiment of the work may be conceded by many minds. Our heavens, says Charles Lamb, are the products of our temperaments; and it is as a sentiment, and not as a metaphysical speculation, that the subject of this volume is profitable. If we bring all that is pure, noble, and elevated in our nature to bear upon the theme, the result to us, whether we handle types or realities, will be alike productive of good. Far different will it be if we find but a text for controversy and dispute. The style of the author is loose and flowing; but it displays at times, in the non-argumentative parts, a warmth and enthusiasm likely to engage the heart of the reader.

The Woodbine: a Holiday Gift. Edited by Caroline May. With Illustrations.—*The Star of Bethlehem; or, Stories for Christmas,* with Illustrations. By Rev. H. Hastings Weld. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.—Two pleasant contributions to the holiday gift-books of the seasons. The illustrations are English engravings, while the text, in the one case an excellent selection of agreeable compositions, interspersed with original papers from the accomplished pen of the lady editor, in the other a profitable improvement of the season by the public's once editorial friend, but now clerical Mr. Weld, fairly meet the requirements of the occasion. A sonnet by Charles Lamb at the porch of Miss May's Woodbine arbor, gracefully propitiates the reader's entrance beyond.

SONNET.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

METHINKS how dainty sweet it were, reclined
Beneath the vast outspreading branches high
Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,
Nor of the busier scenes we left behind
Aught envying. And, oh! Anna, wild-eyed maid,
Beloved! I were well content to play
With thy free tresses all a summer's day,
Losing the time beneath the greenwood shade.
Or we might sit and tell some tender tale
Of faithful vows repaid by cruel scorn,
A tale of true love, or of friend forgot;
And I would teach thee, lady, how to rail
In gentle sort, on those who practise not
Or love or pity, though of woman born.

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Or the travelling parson or respited jurist,
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The last bill receipted, the last guinea paid,

The last shilling dealt to the prim chamber-
maid;

The landlord may dig, and the landlady spin,
For they'll get no more cash from the Inversnaid
Inn.

Well, such is our life! the season flies fast,
The breezes of Fortune give way to its blast,

The bright hues of romance grow yellow and brown,
The sunshine of fancy in darkness goes down,
The clouds of despondency shadow the sky,
Friends turn the cold shoulder, the world says
"good-bye!"

In the winter of life, midst the storms of
chagrin,

We are left in the lurch like the Inversnaid Inn!

JACQUES DU MONDE.

Inversnaid Inn, Oct. 17, 1847.

THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

'Tis a quaint old whitewashed cottage,
Telling of a foreign land;
Hidden in a hedge of pench-trees,
Overtopped by forests grand.

In the tiny corn and wheat fields
Toiled, for years, an ancient dame,
Air and dress, and speech were German,
And her homestead seemed the same.

There her husband died, while felling,
In the wood, a monarch oak;
There, last year, within her dwelling,
Met she, too, the spoiler's stroke.

Now her door is never opened,
Underneath its low dark eaves;
And the mended window, near it,
Sees her garden strewn with leaves.

And you hear a gentle rustling,
From her herbs, upon the wall,
By her withered fingers gathered,
Dried, and sorted, in the Fall.

Weeds are growing with the Lilacs,
Thick green sods by flowers are starred,
Vines and brambles grow together,
Where her little gate is barred.

Sweetly still the birds are singing
Near her path along the hill,
Where she went, in Summer evening,
With a gourd, her pail to fill;
And there, in the slanting sunlight,
Sits her cat upon the sill.

EMILY HEERMANN.

CORRECTION OF A MISSTATEMENT RESPECT-
ING "ASTORIA," BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

To the Editors of the Literary World:

GENTLEMEN—A quotation from Mr. Schoolcraft's work in your last number has drawn from me the following note to that gentleman, which I will thank you to insert in your next.

Yours very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Nov. 10, 1851.

TO HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, ESQ.

SUNNYSIDE, Nov. 10, 1851.

DEAR SIR—In your "Personal Memoirs," recently published, you give a conversation with the late Albert Gallatin, Esq., in the course of which he made to you the following statement:

"Several years ago John Jacob Astor put into my hands the journal of his traders on the Columbia, desiring me to use it. I put it into the hands of Malte Brun, at Paris, who employed the geographical facts in his work, but paid but little respect to Mr. Astor, whom he regarded merely as a merchant seeking his own profit, and not a discoverer. He had not even sent a man to observe the facts in the natural history. Astor did not like it. He was restive several years, and then gave Washington Irving \$5,000 to take up the MSS. This is the History of 'Astoria.'"

Now, sir, I beg leave to inform you that

this is *not* the History of Astoria. Mr. Gallatin was misinformed as to the part he has assigned me in it. The work was undertaken by me through a real reli-sh of the subject. In the course of visits in early life to Canada, I had seen much of the magnates of the North West Company, and of the hardy trappers and fur-traders in their employ, and had been excited by their stories of adventurous expeditions into the "Indian country." I was sure, therefore, that a narrative, treating of them and their doings, could not fail to be full of stirring interest, and to lay open regions and races of our country as yet but little known. I never asked nor received of Mr. Astor a farthing on account of the work. He paid my nephew, who was then absent practising law in Illinois, for coming on, examining and collating manuscript journals, accounts and other documents, and preparing what lawyers would call a brief, for me. Mr. Fitzgreene Halleck who was with Mr. Astor at the time, determined what the compensation of my nephew ought to be. When the brief was finished, I paid my nephew an additional consideration on my own account, and out of my own purse. It was the compensation paid by Mr. Astor to my nephew which Mr. Gallatin may have heard of, and supposed it was paid to myself; but even in that case the amount, as reported to him, was greatly exaggerated.

Mr. Astor signified a wish to have the work brought out in a superior style, supposing that it was to be done at his expense. I replied that it must be produced in the style of my other works, and at my expense and risk; and that whatever profit I was to derive from it must be from its sale and my bargain with the publishers. This is the true History of "Astoria," as far as I was concerned in it.

During my long intimacy with Mr. Astor, commencing when I was a young man, and ending only with his death, I never came under a pecuniary obligation to him of any kind. At a time of public pressure when, having invested a part of my very moderate means in wild lands, I was straitened and obliged to seek accommodations from monied institutions, he repeatedly urged me to accept loans from him, but I always declined. He was too proverbially rich a man for me to permit the shadow of a pecuniary favor to rest on our intercourse.

The only monied transaction between us was my purchase of a share in a town he was founding at Green Bay; for that I paid cash, though he wished the amount to stand on mortgage. The land fell in value, and some years afterwards, when I was in Spain, Mr. Astor, of his own free will, took back the share from my agent, and repaid the original purchase money. This, I repeat, was the only monied transaction that ever took place between us; and by this I lost four or five years' interest of my investment.

My intimacy with Mr. A. was perfectly independent and disinterested. It was sought originally on his part, and grew up, on mine, out of the friendship he spontaneously manifested for me, and the confidence he seemed to repose in me. It was drawn closer when, in the prosecution of my literary task, I became acquainted, from his papers and his confidential conversations, with the scope and power of his mind, and the grandeur of his enterprises. His noble project of the ASTOR LIBRARY, conceived about the same time, and which I was solicitous he should carry into execution during his life-

time, was a still stronger link of intimacy between us.

He was altogether one of the most remarkable men I have ever known: of penetrating sagacity, massive intellect, and possessing elements of greatness of which the busy world around him was little aware: who, like Malte Brun, regarded him "merely as a merchant seeking his own profit."

Very respectfully,

Your friend and servant,
WASHINGTON IRVING.

ANENT JEANIE DEANS.

Eds. Lit. World:

I HAVE often been annoyed at the eulogiums pronounced on this, the (perhaps) most celebrated of Scott's heroines. I confess to much that is lovely and admirable in her character, but I could never quite forgive—though I might fail argumentatively to condemn—her obstinate, rigid veracity, when an opposite course would have saved her sister's life. And it is now with no slight malicious satisfaction that I announce to you a blemish in her reputation, in matters of veracity, which I have just stumbled upon, and which, as I never happened to see it in print, may prove to be a new discovery to the novel-reading world. My only surprise is, that a thing so obvious should so long have escaped observation.

To make the case clear I must quote at some length from the book:—

"'There is a remedy,' said the stranger, 'and it is in your own hands. The blow which the law aims cannot be broken by directly encountering it, but it may be turned aside. You saw your sister during the period preceding the birth of her child: what is so natural as that she should have mentioned her condition to you? Her having done so would take the case from under the statute, for it removes the quality of concealment: and the quality of concealment is necessary to this statutory offence. Nothing is so natural as that Effie should have mentioned her condition to you: think: reflect: I am positive that she did.'

"'Woe's me!' said Jeanie, 'she never spoke to me on the subject; but grat sorely when I spoke to her about her altered looks, and the change on her spirits.'

"'You asked her questions on the subject, then?' he said eagerly. 'You must remember her answer was a confession that she had been ruined by a villain; and that she bore under her bosom the consequences of his guilt and her folly! and that he had assured her he would provide for her safety and her approaching illness. You will remember all this? This is all that need be said.'

"'But I cannot remember,' answered Jeanie, with simplicity, 'that which Effie never told me.'

"'Are you so very dull of apprehension?' he exclaimed. 'I tell you, you must remember that she told you this, whether she ever said a syllable of it or no. You must repeat this tale, in which there is no falsehood except in so far as it was not told to you, before these Justices, and save your sister from being legally murdered. Do not hesitate; I pledge my life and salvation that in saying what I have said, you will speak only the simple truth.'

"'But,' replied Jeanie, whose judgment was too accurate not to see the sophistry of this argument, 'I shall be sworn in the very thing in which my testimony is wanted; for it is the concealment for which poor Effie is blamed, and you would make me tell a falsehood ament it.'

"'I see,' said he, 'that you will let your sister, innocent, fair, and guiltless, except in trusting a villain, die the death of a murderess,

rather than bestow the breath of your mouth and the sound of your voice to save her."

"I was the best blood in my body to keep her skaitless," said Jeanie, weeping in bitter agony, "but I canna change right into wrang or make that true which is false."

"Foolish, hard hearted girl," said the stranger; "I tell you, even the retainers of the law, who course life as greyhounds do hares, will rejoice at the escape of a creature so young, so beautiful. They will not suspect your tale; and if they did suspect it, they would consider you as deserving, not only of forgiveness, but of praise for your natural affection."

"It is not man I fear," said Jeanie, looking upwards; "the God whose name I must call on to witness the truth of what I say, he will know the falsehood."

"And he will know the motive," said the stranger eagerly; "he will know that you are doing this not for the gain of lucre, but to save the life of the innocent, and prevent the commission of a worse crime than that which the law seeks to avenge."

"He has given us a law," said Jeanie, "for the lamp of our path; if we stray from it, we err against knowledge: I may not do evil that good may come out of it."

Thus Jeanie reasoned with the stranger; and, at the trial, thus she refused to say a word that was not strictly true.

Now I claim that such intense veracity, to be commendable, must at least be uniform. A woman who would tell nothing untrue to save her sister's life, must tell nothing untrue to accomplish any inferior object. If she would not then do evil that good might come, she must never do evil that good might come.

Very well. The foregoing quotation is from Chapter XV. of the "Heart of Mid Lothian." In Chapter XVIII., while Jeanie is waiting the return of the magistrates at the Muschat's Cairn, and at night, the following dialogue takes place:—

"If ye are an officer of justice, sir," said Jeanie, eluding his attempt to seize her, "ye deserve to have your coat stripped from your back."

"Very true, hinny," said he, forcibly seizing her, "but suppose I should strip your cloak off first."

"You are more of a man, I am sure, than to hurt me, sir," said Jeanie; "for God's sake, have pity on a half distracted creature!"

"Come, come," said Ratcliffe, "you're a good-looking wench, and should not be cross-grained. If you'll be guided by me, I'll carry you to a wee bit corner in the Pleasance, and we'll send Robertson word to meet us in York-shire, and leave Mr. Sharpitlaw to whistle on his thumb."

"It was fortunate for Jeanie in an emergency like the present, that she possessed presence of mind and courage, so soon as the first hurry of surprise had enabled her to rally her recollection. She saw the risk she was in from a ruffian, who not only was such by profession, but had that evening been stupifying, by means of strong liquors, the internal aversion that he felt at the business on which Sharpitlaw had employed him."

"Dinna speak sae loud," said she in a low voice, "he's up yonder."

"Who? Robertson?" said Ratcliffe eagerly.

"Ay," replied Jeanie, "up yonder," and she pointed to the ruins of the hermitage and chapel."

And on this information, ingeniously hazarded and cleverly imparted, but containing, as Jeanie well knew, not one word of truth, Ratcliffe sets off on the false scent, and Jeanie escapes.

If this was not "flat burglary," I do not know the meaning of words: and if Jeanie would lie so readily here, why shall she be so landed for not lying when her sister's life was at stake?

CRABTREE.

AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

THE Semi-Annual Meeting of the Society was held in New Haven, at the house of the Corresponding Secretary, on the 22d and 23d ultimo.

Prof. GIBBS presented a *Catalogue of all the works known to exist in the Armenian language, of a date earlier than the seventeenth century, with introductory remarks on the value of Armenian literature*, by Rev. H. G. O. DWIGHT, missionary among the Armenians.

This catalogue is made out with great care. The name of each work is given in Armenian characters. The same is represented in Roman letters, and accompanied by an English explanation.

The time was when the Armenian language and literature were little thought of in Europe. The learned Desguignes unfortunately had expressed a low opinion of it. But the work of St. Martin, though now thought imperfect, stimulated inquiry. The late Wm. Von Humboldt pronounced the language "a more important object of philosophical and historical investigation than can be found in the whole province of philology." M. De Dulaurier claims for the Armenians eloquent and learned ecclesiastical writers, historians who are invaluable for the history of the middle ages, especially of the border nations, as well as translators and preservers of important works of the Greek fathers. Besides which, numerous ancient traditions exist among the Armenians, the study of which, whether entitled to full credit or not, cannot fail to bring out important results. The learned congregation of the Mekhitarists at Venice are now engaged in editing these rich stores of ancient learning.

Rev. H. R. HOISINGTON presented a paper *On the connexion of the modern languages of India with the Sanskrit and with other Oriental languages*, by Rev. HENRY BALLANTINE, missionary among the Mahrattas.

The writer divides the population of India into three classes: (1.) The hill tribes, speaking different dialects of what was originally the same language, and entirely different from the Sanskrit. This he supposes to be the aboriginal language of the country. (2.) The Tamul, Telugu, Canarese, and Malayalam people in the south of India. These speak languages kindred to each other, and differing from the Sanskrit, but with a great admixture of Sanskrit terms, especially relating to religion and philosophy. (3.) The Hindee, Mahratta, Guzerathee, Marwadee, Scindian, Punjabee, Ooriya, Bengalee, and Hindostanee people in the north of India, speaking kindred languages pre-vaillingly Sanskrit, yet with an original element or basis, which is decidedly not Sanskrit. Thus, the writer makes it his principal object to show that the Mahratta, of which he speaks more particularly, is not properly a derivative of the ancient Sanskrit, but has an original basis distinct from that language.

This paper, containing many interesting comparisons, gave rise to discussion among the members present, some of whom seemed disposed to adhere to the usual views of the relationship of the Mahratta to the Sanskrit.

Pres. WOOLSEY presented a *Life of Alex-*

ander, translated from a manuscript in ancient Syriac, found among the Nestorian Christians, by Rev. Dr. JUSTIN PERKINS, missionary among the Nestorians.

This *Life of Alexander* appears to be drawn from inferior Greek sources, perhaps at second or third hand. It is a collection of legends of no historical value. The names of persons and places depart widely from any possible Greek originals. A close resemblance is to be found between the fables in this work and those preserved by Julius Valerius, a Latin writer of about the seventh or eighth century, first published a few years since by Cardinal Mai.

Mr. WILLIAM A. MACY presented some remarks upon two works in Chinese recently issued: an *Astronomy*, by Dr. B. Hobson, and a *Philosophical Almanac*, by Dr. D. J. Macgowan.

The *Astronomy* is an elementary work, designed to be more clear, full, and correct than those hitherto accessible to Chinese readers. It is interesting in a typographical point of view, being printed from handsome movable type, and preceded by quite skillfully executed woodcuts.

Dr. Macgowan's work is chiefly designed to illustrate and explain the magnetic telegraph. The last chapter furnishes a plan for carrying messages in Chinese over the wires, by dissecting each character into its various strokes, and adding eight other signs for *above, below, left, right, within, without, central, and period*. There seems, in this plan, to be a difficulty in the great number of signals required for many complicated characters, and also in the uncertainty that will often arise as to the manner of combining the separate strokes. The inquiry thus opened was pursued by suggesting other plans. The first was, by means of House's machinery, to print the radicals (214), and from a prepared list of (2,000, or less) most common primitives, to add a number denoting the required primitive; thus presenting a series of radicals or keys, with a connected number. Or, the most usual words, say 6,000, being arranged by their sounds, the English spelling of the sound, and the number denoting the word in a prepared list, might be given; the number of syllables in the court dialect is given by Mr. Williams as 533. Or, the characters (or a selection from them) being arranged as in Kang-hi's Dictionary, and numbered, these numbers alone might be given.

Mr. Macy read also, with reference to the first part of this communication, some extracts from an article by Mr. Julien (*Comptes Rendus*, vol. xxiv), showing that movable types were in use in China prior to the invention of printing in Europe, having been invented A.D. 1041-48.

THE CORR. SECRETARY read some notices of Phœnician and Egyptian antiquities in the Maltese group of islands, translated from the Italian of Dr. Cesare Vassallo.

The author does not profess to notice every existing, or even every discovered, monument, Phœnician or Egyptian, in the Maltese group of islands, but only such as have been, either wholly or in part, excavated, or are preserved in the Museum of the Public Library of Malta. Many architectural remains, it appears, of which traces are to be seen above ground, still lie buried in their own ruins, in the environs of Gudja, Zabbar, Musta, and Medina, and in the island of Gozo; and many ancient specimens of sculpture and the plastic art, from this

locality, are lost to the world in private cabinets.

After alluding to the ties of religion, as well as of commercial interest and custom in civil affairs, which bound all the colonies of the Phœnicians to the mother country, although they were virtually independent of it as respects their own government, the author observes that, from the number of sacred edifices of the Phœnicians, already brought to light in the Maltese group, and of deities known to have been worshipped there, it would seem to have been a part of the plan of the colony from Tyre, or Sidon, which established itself there, to make this ancient entrepôt of commerce between the East and West, "a grand national Pantheon." These numerous edifices, however, by inequalities of execution, though all of similar style, betraying unity of design, prove themselves to belong to successive periods, and may therefore be classed in the order of their apparent age.

But besides Phœnician monuments, there have been found, in the Maltese group, others which seem to be Egyptian. The author infers that there was a time when the Egyptians held sway there; though when the motley character of the Phœnician colonies, in general, is considered, that would seem sufficiently to account for traces of other influences in them than those derived from the mother country. Of the monuments of Malta regarded as Egyptian, the most important is a subterranean excavation discovered in 1847 by William Winthrop, Esq., Consul of the United States at Malta, and Lieut. Locke of the Royal Engineers.

Having no knowledge of any other compend of Maltese antiquities, of recent date, the translator thought it might not be superfluous to clothe in an English dress these results of the personal observations of a zealous, intelligent, and learned antiquary. The title of the work is *Dei Monumenti Antichi nel Gruppo di Malta Cenni Storici del Dr. Cesare Vassallo: Valletta. 1851.*

Rev. Mr. HOISINGTON made some remarks on the philosophy of the *Tatwa Kuttalei*.

This work is a synopsis of the mystic philosophy of the Hindus, of the predominant Saiva school of southern India. It professedly treats of the universe, but in fact presents the system of Hindu anthropology. According to this system, there are in man three classes of *tatwas*, or powers, which may be denominated the *corporeal*, numbering twenty-four, the *spiritual*, of which there are seven, and the *divine*, five in number, or in all thirty-six. There is a development from the first class, of sixty additional *tatwas*, making a total of ninety-six. By means of these, all pathological and physiological phenomena in man are explained; and also the soul's spiritual or religious condition, course, and destiny.

The five superior mundane deities are brought to view in this work, as dwelling in man; their relations to this miniature universe, and especially to the human soul, are defined; and the proper course of worship for the enlightened soul, is also indicated. The whole is properly an introductory section in the sacred science, or divine wisdom, of the Hindus.

PRES. WOOLSEY read a paper *On the races and languages of the Caucasus.*

Physically, all the inhabitants of the Caucasian isthmus are of the same race, and they agree also, for the most part, in the sounds of their languages, in counting-by twenties,

and, so far as the ancient institutions remain, in their brotherhoods, which form the political unit in the less civilized races. These remarks, however, apply to the indigenous inhabitants, not to the tribes of Tataro-Turkish extraction, which are found, especially on the north side of the isthmus, intermingled with other races, or retaining their Tatar peculiarities. That there are such indigenous tribes—that is, such as lived in or near their present territory in the earliest known times, is proved most abundantly by a comparison of the names found in the ancient geographers with those which the tribes attach to themselves, or have attached to them, by their neighbors.

Linguistically considered, the Caucasians differ greatly. The Ossetes, surrounded by the other inhabitants of the isthmus, belong, as their language shows, most evidently, to the Indo-European stock, and thus present the interesting spectacle of an insulated people, remote from its brethren for thousands of years, holding no intercourse but with foreigners, and yet preserving many of the more striking peculiarities of their stock of languages. Languages of the Iberian class are spoken on the Kur, between it and the Black sea, and along part of the coast. To this class belong the Georgian, the Colchian (which includes the Mingrelian and Lazian), and the Suanian, the latter spoken by a tribe of mountaineers living on the upper waters of the Ingur. Of these languages, the Georgian is a dialect which has its literature. The others have received attention of late, especially from Dr. George Rosen, who spent some time in linguistic investigations on the spot. The relations of this class of languages to the Indo-European are differently estimated by different learned men. Bopp contends that they must be included in that great family. But this may well be doubted, and the relation is a distant one, if any whatever exists. The point of greatest interest in regard to the Iberian languages is found in the relations of the Suanian to the others. It differs widely in some respects, yet is, without doubt, a species of the same genus, and apparently not a broken-down language, but one as yet undeveloped. The languages of the Abasses and Circassians belong to one stock, and seem to differ altogether from those already mentioned. The Abassian is remarkable for uniting in some forms both the pronominal subject and object with the verb in one word. The languages of the Tshetshes and Lesghis, the two remaining stocks, have not been sufficiently examined to enable the philologist to judge of them. It is not even certain whether the Lesghis all speak dialects of one tongue. They seem however to agree with the Abasso-Circassian variety in some striking peculiarities. Thus, one dialect of the Lesghian inserts the negative in the verb as well as suffixes it.

The existence in the same tract of country of races physically alike, from whom our stock has been called the Caucasian, and yet using languages generically different, is a puzzle to the ethnographer who makes physical characteristics the criterion of common descent.

Prof. GRIBBS read a communication received by him from Prof. Forrest Shepherd of New Haven, lately returned from California, giving some account of the Chinese emigrants in that country.

"For more than two years," Mr. Shepherd writes, "I have been conversant, in Cali-

fornia, with a large number of that extraordinary people, the Chinese. Invariably have I found them possessed of a happy disposition, very industrious and persevering, patient in endurance of hardship, faithful in their obligations, and wonderful in imitation. In no case have I discovered any one of them an aggressor in a quarrel, guilty of felony, or intoxicated with strong drink. They are very eager to gain the language, habits, and customs of the Americans. In the business of gold-digging I had some contracts with a company of them, executed in their own peculiar mode and hand-writing, which I should have been happy to have presented to the Society, had I not lost them with many other valuable papers in the wreck of the steamer on my way home. The Chinese are sharp observers, and very solicitous to learn the reasons for and the objects of the American mode of worship, so different from their idol-worship in China. In short, there is strong probability that they will soon catch the spirit of our free institutions, and rapidly become Americanized. The same may be said of the Japanese and Hindoos fortuitously in California."

THE CORR. SECRETARY presented a *Life of Gaudama*, translated from a Burmese original, entitled *Ma-la-len-ga-ra Woloo*, by Rev. CHESTER BENNETT, Missionary in Burma.

It was remarked that, although the fact of the prevalence of Buddhism over the greater part of the Burmese empire, and that this religion was imported thither from Ceylon, is well known, the sources of information respecting Buddhist traditions and institutions in Burma, hitherto published, are exceedingly scanty; and that, for this reason, Mr. Bennett's translation adds much to our knowledge. In this narrative, although it is interwoven with miracle and fable, the thread of real incidents may be quite clearly traced. The date to be assigned to the work is uncertain. Possibly, it may be itself a translation from a Pali, Sanskrit, or Tibetan original.

Some extracts were read to show the character of the work, and the style of the translation.

The correspondence of the Society was read; and donations from the Smithsonian Institution, the German Oriental Society, and various individuals in this country, in Europe, and in the East, were announced.

A letter was also read from Commander JAMES GLYNN, of the U. S. sloop of war *Preble*, who visited the Lu-chu islands and Japan, in 1849. The letter was accompanied by a manuscript translation of the Gospel of St. Luke into the Lu-chuan language, written in Roman characters, by Dr. Bettelheim, a German missionary resident at the Lu-chu islands.

Inquiry having been made for the publications of the Oriental Society by persons ignorant where they could be obtained, it may be stated here that they are to be had, in two volumes, at *Putnam's*, 155 Broadway, New York. Members of the Society will be supplied on application to Mr. Salisbury, Corr. Sec., in New Haven, or to Mr. C. Folsom, Librarian, in Boston.

HUMAN wisdom makes as ill use of her talent, when she exercises it in rescinding from the number and sweetness of those pleasures that are naturally our due, as she employs it favorably and well, in artificially disguising and tricking out the ills of life, to alleviate the sense of them.—MONTAIGNE.

VARIETIES.

DR. FRANCIS supplies to the "International" an anecdote or two of Mr. Cooper's early career in this city. "I first knew Mr. Cooper," he writes "in 1823. He at that time was recognised as the author of 'Precaution,' of 'The Spy,' and of 'The Pioneers.' The two last-named works had attracted especial notice by their widely extended circulation, and the novelty of their character in American literature. He was often to be seen at that period in conversation at the City Hotel in Broadway, near Old Trinity, where many of our most renowned naval and military men convened. He was the original projector of a literary and social association, called the 'Bread and Cheese Club,' whose place of rendezvous was at Washington Hall. They met weekly, in the evening, and furnished the occasion of much intellectual gratification and genial pleasure. That most adhesive friend, the poet Halleck, Chancellor Kent, G. C. Verplanck, Wiley, the publisher of Mr. Cooper's works, Dekay, the naturalist, C. A. Davis (Jack Downing), Charles King, now President of Columbia College, J. Depeyster Ogden, J. W. Jarvis, the painter, John and William Duer, and many others, were of the confederacy. Washington Irving, at the period of the formation of this circle of friends, was in England, occupied with his inimitable 'Sketch Book.' I had the honor of an early admittance to the Club. In balloting for membership the bread declared an affirmative; and two ballots of cheese against an individual proclaimed non-admittance.

From the meetings of this society Mr. Cooper was rarely absent. When presiding officer of the evening, he attracted especial consideration from the richness of his anecdotes, his wide American knowledge, and his courteous behavior. These meetings were often signally characterized by the number of invited guests of high reputation who gathered thither for recreative purposes, both of mind and body; jurists of acknowledged eminence, governors of different States, senators, members of the House of Representatives, literary men of foreign distinction, and authors of repute in our own land. It was gratifying to observe the dexterity with which Mr. Cooper would cope with some Eastern friend who contributed to our delight with a 'Boston notion,' or with Trelawny, the associate of Byron, descending on Greece and the 'Younger Son,' or with any guests of the Club, however dissimilar their habits or character; accommodating his conversation and manners with the most marvellous facility. The New York attachments of Mr. Cooper were ever dominant. I witnessed a demonstration of the early enthusiasm and patriotic activity of our late friend in his efforts, with many of our leading citizens, in getting up the Grand Castle Garden Ball, given in honor of Lafayette. The arrival of the 'Nation's Guest' at New York, in 1824, was the occasion of the most joyful demonstrations, and the celebration was a splendid spectacle; it brought together celebrities from many remote parts of the Union. Mr. Cooper must have undergone extraordinary fatigue during the day and following night; but nearly as he was exhausted, he exhibited, when the public festivals were brought to a close, that astonishing readiness and skill in literary execution for which he was always so remarkable. Adjourning near daybreak to the office of his friend, Mr. Charles King, he wrote out more quickly than any other hand could copy the very long and masterly report which next day appeared in Mr. King's paper—a report which conveyed to tens of thousands who had not been present no inconsiderable portion of the enjoyment they had felt who were the immediate participants in this famous festival."

It is said of the celebrated Archbishop Leighton, that he had often said that if he were to

choose a place to die in, it should be an inn. In such a place he thought that a Christian believer might properly finish his pilgrimage; the whole world being to him but a large and noisy inn, and he a wayfarer, tarrying in it as short a time as possible, and then hastening away to his Father's house. Besides, he considered it undesirable to be surrounded by weeping friends, whose sorrowful attentions might unnerve and distract the mind, when it ought to be wholly collected and set upon God; whereas no such disturbance of spirit would result from the unconcerned ministry of strangers. This singular wish was gratified, for he breathed his last at the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane, London.—*Stanford & Swords's Evangelical Catholic.*

The flying machines of Paris, its hippodromes and balloons; the largest ship in the world, advertised as now building in England for the Peninsular Company; the best operations of Mr. Barnum, including his last, the fire annihilator, are all outdone if the following is carried out, and it is probable that it will be. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says, of a marine monster about to be constructed there:—

"Dr. Spalding, the circus king, has been in town several days, closeted with architects and ship-builders, projecting an enterprise compared with which all other show projects are literally nothing. He has the drawings and working plans for a monster floating palace, for the construction of which he is getting estimates, 400 feet long and 60 feet beam, with luxurious accommodations for 4,000 spectators. The interior is to be an amphitheatre, much more capacious and costly than any theatre in the country; with cushioned and arm chairs, dress circle, parquet and gallery, saloons, promenades, and with drawing-rooms, stage, drops, and scenery, well ventilated and lighted, with facilities for speedy ingress and egress, lighted with gas and Bengal lights, and every modern and elegant improvement. The exterior of this leviantion of the deep is to be like nothing in 'the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth.' An agent proceeded to Europe in the last steamer to procure rare novelties for this sumptuous place of entertainment—from Asia and Africa, wild animals from their native wilds; from France, equestrians and ballet girls; from England, acrobats and actors; and from home, some of those ingenious *artistes* that would acquire no additional lustre from transatlantic endorsement. The 'Water Mountain' is to be towed by two steam tenders to the various towns upon the Mississippi and its tributaries in summer, and be moored at the levee in New Orleans in the winter. It is estimated to cost \$40,000, and will be completed next spring, although Dr. S. has offered a large bonus to have it completed in time for this winter's campaign."

ON THE BANKS OF THE THREISS—HUNGARIAN MANNERS AND HOSPITALITY.—(From Mr. BRACE's letters in the *Tribune*.)—It is very evident I am getting among the genuine Hungarian population—and a very different people they are from any I have ever seen. We would not call them very highly cultivated, but one sees at once there is a remarkably quick, practical intelligence in them, which promises as much for the nation as a more elaborate education. They come before you at once as a "people of nature"—as men bred up in a generous, vigorous, natural life—without the tricks of civilization, but with a courtesy, a dignity, and hospitality which one might imagine the old Oriental patriarchs would have shown in their day.

At the gentleman's where I am visiting, friends come in, take a bed in the large ground-floor room, and spend the night, apparently without the least ceremony. The tables are heaped to overflowing at every meal, and people seem to enter and join in the party without any kind of invitation, as if the gentleman kept "open house." Wherever we visit, it appears almost to be thought an unfriendliness in us if

we do not drink of the delicious wines they bring out to us, and I can only escape by pleading the poverty of our country in wines, and our not being in the habit of drinking much.

Besides this generous hospitality, one is struck at once with a certain heartiness and manliness, in almost every one. They all speak of Hungary, and with the deepest feeling—but no one whines. Every one seems gloomy at the misfortune and oppression through their beloved land—but no one is at all crushed in spirit. If this is a specimen of the nation, they are not in the least broken by their defeat.

The whole effect of the courtesy and manly bearing of the people, too, is extremely increased by their fine personal appearance. I have never seen so many handsome men in my life, it seems to me. In fact one gets some idea here what the human frame was intended by nature to be. Every man tall,—in frame not brawny, but with full chest and compact, well knit joints,—limbs not large, but exceedingly well-proportioned, and a gait the most easy and flexible which can be imagined. The type of the race, I believe, is not a great stature. These men here, however, made me, though by no means under average height, feel quite like a pigmy.

Their whole proportions are exceedingly well set off by the Hungarian costume, which many of them still wear in part, though it is contrary to law to do so. This, as one sees it still in Hungary among the gentlemen, is a tight-fitting, half-military frock-coat, buttoned up to the chin, and breeches fitting close to the leg, with high polished boots and spurs. The *cloak*, which used to be the most graceful part of the dress, as it was handsomely embroidered, and hung from one shoulder by a tasselled cord, is altogether forbidden. However, the costume, as it is worn now, is remarkably tasteful. Add to all this, fine-cut, regular features, jet-black hair, usually, and flowing beard and carefully trained moustache, and you have among these men, as fine specimens of manly beauty as can be seen in the world.

The women, as I remarked among the *Bauer*, do not seem by any means to equal the men in this respect.

FRENCH SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS.—Although the finances of France are the reverse of prosperous, and her political situation anything but cheering, she still finds means to encourage, with exemplary munificence, literary, scientific, and artistic undertakings. In addition to the vast amounts she votes regularly in the budget, her government has recently granted 8000*l.*, or thereabouts, for the completion of a vast work, reproducing with the closest fidelity the paintings of the early Christians which still exist in the catacombs at Rome; many of which, by the way, are from portions of the catacombs never explored, until the author of the work, M. Perret, a French architect, penetrated into them not long since, in spite of great difficulty and much personal danger. The government has also just sent out a new consul to Mosul, with the means of making diggings at Nineveh, so that France, to use a French expression, may "have a share in the glory" which the discovery of that renowned city casts on the present century. For the exploration of the buried ruins of Memphis, it has, as you are already aware, likewise made a pecuniary grant. Moreover, it has sent, or is to send, expeditions of young and enterprising *savants* to make a complete and searching investigation of Egypt, Assyria, Mesopotamia, Media, Chaldea, Babylonia, and parts of Persia; also, all along the course of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and especially on the sites occupied by the places mentioned in biblical history. Not long since, too, M. de Sauley returned from a visit at its expense to the Dead Sea; and it has now agents employed at the risk of their lives in exploring the central part of South America, which is almost totally unknown to Europeans.

In the account of his voyage to the Dead Sea, which was accompanied with great personal

danger, both from the climate and the attacks of the Arabs, M. de Sauley declares, in contradiction to previous travellers, and to most geography books, that fish do not and cannot exist in its waters, though he saw ducks swimming on its surface. The Arabs who escorted him mentioned that the river Jordan frequently carries fish into the lake, but that they soon die. The dead body of a little fish was picked up by him amidst the bitumen and sulphur on the banks. The sea, he ascertained from observation, confirmed by subsequent calculation, is not fewer than four hundred yards below the level of the Mediterranean!—*Paris Cor. Lit. Gaz., Oct. 4.*

DUMAS'S MEMOIRS.—Another addition to that class of French literature called "Memoirs" is about to appear, and from the hand of no less a personage than Alexandre Dumas. The great romancer is to tell the world the history of his own eventful life, and his extraordinary literary career. The chances are that the work will be one of the most brilliant of the kind that has yet been published—and that is saying a great deal, when we call to mind the immense host of memoir writers which France possesses, and that amongst them are an Antony Hamilton and a Duke de Saint Simon. Having mixed familiarly with all descriptions of society, from that of crowned heads and princes of the blood, down to strolling players—having been behind the scenes of the political, the literary, the theatrical, the artistic, the financial, and the trading worlds—having risen unaided from the humble position of subordinate clerk in the office of Louis Philippe's accountant to that of the most popular of living romancers in all Europe—having found an immense fortune in his inkstand, and squandered it like a genius (or a fool)—having rioted in more than princely luxury, and been reduced to the sore strait of wondering where he could get credit for a dinner—having wandered far and wide, taking life as it came—now dining with a king, anon sleeping with a brigand—one day killing lions in the Sahara, and the next (according to his own account) being devoured by a bear in the Pyrenees—having edited a daily newspaper and managed a theatre, and failed in both—having built a magnificent chateau, and had it sold by auction—having commanded in the National Guard, and done fierce battle with bailiffs and duns—having been decorated by almost every potentate in Europe, so that the breast of his coat is more variegated with ribbons than the rainbow with colours—having published more than any man living, and perhaps as much as any man dead—having fought duels innumerable—and having been more quizzed, and caricatured, and lampooned, and satirized, and abused, and slandered, and admired, and envied than any human being now existing—Alexandre must have an immensity to tell, and none of his contemporaries, we may be sure, could tell it better—few so well. Only we may fear that it will be mixed up with a vast deal of—imagination. But *n'importe!*—*Ibid.*

A BIT OF THE SCENERY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.—From the Isle of Orleans to the Ocean the north shore offers little else than a range of bold and densely wooded headlands, with no soil for cultivation. But few settlements, nestling in here and there a valley, relieve the savage magnificence of that long range of hills, the purple outposts of serried piles of mountains that crowd the whole wide region to the Pole. There civilization is barred out for ever, and the lumberman and hunter are the sole human occupants. A few short and impetuous streams, broken by frequent waterfalls, rush down to the St. Lawrence, or find their exit in the vast and gloomy Saguenay. On the Southern shore the sunshine rests lovingly, bestowing a new beauty upon the fields and abodes of men; the sails of vessels that dot the river before you are swelling with human suggestions

and human sympathies; but these cliffs as the sun falls warm around them, and as sails flit whitely across their bosoms, stand out only more mysterious and forbidding, like sentinels of Arctic desolation and solitude.—*C. A. Dana's Travelling Sketches in the Tribune.*

HUNTED BY AN ANECDOTE.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in *The Independent*, gives the following experience:—"More than six months ago a friend asked us if we had ever arisen in the pulpit and begun a sermon by the exclamation, 'It is damned hot.' Of course we denied the ridiculous story. In a few weeks another friend, with no small anxiety, asked leave from us to deny it in our name, as she had heard it several times asserted in large companies. Not long after this, another person, on hearing it, denied the fact, but was assured by a lady that she herself heard it! This must have been the lady that brought David Copperfield to church instead of her Bible, and left it in her seat. It is quite possible that there was some swearing going on, in her case, but she mistook the direction. Again and again we have heard the same story, with various modifications. It got into the newspapers, as a curious and characteristic anecdote. Two weeks ago it came to us in a country paper as an extract from the *New York Evening Post*. This version declares that the evening being sultry, the clerical wit (for no names were mentioned) arose, and repeated the expression three times, and then fanned himself awhile with a hymn book, while surveying the surprised audience! Somebody sent us the paper, with significant marks drawn around the story, as if the sender desired us to understand that he at least had found us out! Last week we received an affectionate epistle, dated 'Brentwood, N. H., Sept. 1, 1851,' in which the writer, though he professes not to believe the story, adds so many excellent remarks upon the guilt of such a folly, as to remind us of the verdict of an English jury in the case of a man charged with sheep-stealing, 'Not guilty, but the jury would advise him not to do so again.' Mr. Beecher says, that so far as he is concerned, 'the whole story, in every particular, root, trunk, branch, and leaf, is absolutely and ridiculously false.' We remember, almost in our boyhood, a story of Rev. Rowland Hill, London, which was not unlike this—but in much better taste. This is doubtless a revamp of that—adulterated grossly in the process."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICAN.

A WORK ON HORSEMANSHIP, including the Breaking and Training of Horses, from the ninth Paris Edition, by Boucher, is translating and being edited by a gentleman in Philadelphia, and will shortly be issued from the press of A. HART, who has in preparation a new book by the author of "Wild Western Scenes," entitled "The Tinklers and Spanglers, or the Rival Belles," also a new novel by Mrs. Hentz, author of *Reqa*, depicting Southern life and manners.

M. W. Dodd has in press—"The Sovereigns of the Bible, by Mrs. E. R. Steele, illustrated; A Winter in Spitzbergen, from the German, by E. G. Smith, illustrated; Poetry for Children and Youth, by Rev. T. Edwards; and a Commentary on the Book of Proverbs, by Professor Stuart.

Messrs. GOULD, BAKES & Co. will publish in a few days, vol. 26 of "the Reports of Cases in the English Courts of Chancery," containing Hare's Reports, vol. 5, with American notes to the whole, by E. F. Smith, Esq.

Messrs. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia, have in press, "The Philosopher under the Roof; the Journal of a Happy Man," and "The Confessions of a Workman," two new books from the French of Emile Souvestre.

Mr. J. A. Moore, Philadelphia, is preparing

for speedy publication, "Quakerism, or the Story of My Life," from the London Edition.

Messrs. MILLS, CRANDALL & MOSELY, enterprising publishers at Cazenovia, N. Y., issued a Trade List about a year since, to which they have been adding many creditable books. "The Book of Eloquence, a Selection of Prose and Poetry for Declamation in Schools," by C. D. Trainor, and "Tables of Interest and Discount at 7 per cent. on a new plan," by O. Blanchard, were published by them this month. They have a school series by one Mr. Sanders, and in a recent letter say, "of our Sanders's Spelling Book there are now published annually at least 250,000 copies, and its sale is increasing." Turning to a *Gazetteer* we remark, Cazenovia, pop. 4,153, 1 Acad., 399 students, 32 schools, 1,117 scholars, 2 periodicals, 2 newspapers, 4 printing offices, 1 paper factory, 1 bindery, &c., and surmise the place is on the high, right road.

FOREIGN.

The "Almanach de Gotha," for 1852, we notice, was published in Paris on the 20th October, by our old friends A. FRANK & Co., Agents for it for France. As our "American Almanac" is with us, this is the Almanac of Europe. Perhaps it may not be generally known that in London and Paris on the early approach of Christmas the Almanac fever or season has to be attended to. New Diaries, pocket books, and so on down to the sheet for the farmer's chimney side, all have to be published, sold, bought, and taken away. Not to mention the smaller ones, which find a sale without flourish, those advertised in Paris for the coming year number over 80. Every class seems to be provided for, as some of the curious titles will show. We have the

Almanach de Suffrage,
Almanach des Théâtres,
Almanach de la Gloire Française,
Almanach du Plaisir,
Almanach Chantant,
Almanach Phalanstérien,
Almanach des Mystères,
Almanach des Cuisinières,
Almanach des Fleurs,
Almanach des Demoiselles,
Almanach des Vaches Lai-tières,
Almanach du Bien Être,
Almanach de la Santé,

and so on. It is time our "American Almanac" made its appearance.

Fenelon's "Telemachus," which has been translated well nigh into all the languages of Europe, has been turned into Hebrew by Benoit Cohen, Grand Rabbi of Minsk, in Lithuania, and lately printed in Paris for a Mr. ADOLPHE SAMNITER, a bookseller of Breslau. This version is intended, it is said, principally for circulation among Russian Jews, and the Emperor Nicholas has granted Mr. S. permission to import as many editions as may sell free of all duties.

The issues of all kinds of the Book Trade of Paris for the month of October amount to 459. FIRMIN DIDOT, Frères, published at the end of the month a new catalogue of their publications, containing their new books to that date. Numismatic Documents to serve for a History of the Moors in Spain, in 4to., with 15 plates; and The History of a Hundred years, 1750-1850, by Cesar Cantu, from the second Italian edition, are new from their press.

BAUDRY announces as published, the "Saloons and Cellars of Paris," by Méry, in 3 vols. 8vo.

A Siamese Grammar, in one vol., 4to., printed at the capital of Siam, is advertised among the new issues by DUPRAT. This publisher also announces as for sale, A Voyage to Soudan, and Travels among the Arabs of Central Africa, by Mohammed el Tonny, in 2 vols., 8vo., plates, maps, &c. A History of the Berbers, and of the Mussulman Dynasty of Northern Africa, in Arabic, prepared by order of the Minister of War, 2 vols., 4to., Algiers, 1851, the price of

which is 60 francs; and Principles of the Vulgar Arabic in use in the countries about Algiers, 8vo., from the National Printer, Paris.

Pugin's Gothic Architecture is being translated into French to form 3 vols. 4to. Pugin's True Principles of Christian Architecture is already in French, translated by Lebroucq, and published at Bruges.

"The Greatest Plague of Life; or, the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Servant," by one of the Mayhews, and published by Mr. Bogue in London, and A. Hart, Philadelphia, has provoked a sequel from some one, which will appear as follows:—"Sequel to 'The Greatest Plague of Life'—The Shabby Fammerly; or, Some Account of my Missus. Expoyed by Enmerly Tiddivate (late 'Fam de Sham' to the Fammerly, though really and truly I were nothink but a common Housemaid and worked off my Legs). Part 1, to be continued Monthly, 1s. Miss E. Tiddivate in making this her first *debut* before a Generous British Publick hopes the Cautious Reader will look upon authorgraphy with an indulgent i. Miss E. T. begs to throw herself on a human british publick as she is satisfied it will not stand quietly by and see a poor helpless female put upon as I have been when her subscribers reads all she has gone through."

The following are picked out of Advertisements, miscellaneous. De Candolle (The Botanist) his Life and Works, containing a complete list of his various books. A new edition has just been published. An Haytien ABC book and reader, to be sold at Port-au-Prince, has been printed by Desoye at Paris. Vol. 6, completing the account of an Exploration of South America, from Rio de Janeiro to Lima, and from Lima to Para, by order of the French government, is just out. The exploration is going on, and four more portions of the work (scientific) will be published.

A History of Medicine in France, during the first half of the nineteenth century, by Dr. Roubaud, Vol. 3, Part 1, is ready. When complete, the work will form 3 vols., large 8vo., with portraits. The price is 50 francs. Memoirs of the Archaeological Society of Orleans, Vol. 1, printed at Orleans, is published. Principles for conducting a Grand Campaign by Prince Charles of Austria, put in French by Captain Duparcq, folio, 25 plates, and a Military Dictionary, by General Bardin, under direction of General Odinet, in 4 vols., of 5,337 pages, just published, are two very important works. A selection of the Paintings of Pompeii, chiefly historical, lithographed in colors, by Rochette: Part 6, when complete, will contain a sketch of painting among the Greeks and Romans; is advertised as ready, by the author. Price of the 6 parts, 180 francs. There may be eight more.

Lastly, among those we notice, are a Dictionary of Political Economy, comprising the contributions from Chevalier, Garnier, Blaise, Bastiat, and other first-rate writers. Five parts have already been produced, and 50, it is supposed, will complete it. A Practical Guide for Consuls, brought out under the auspices of the Minister for Foreign Affairs; one large 8vo. A Treatise on Social Economy, by Dr. Ott; another large 8vo. A History of Holland and Belgium, from the 16th century to our own times, by Champagne; an 8vo., with 15 plates:—and a Statistical History of the Colonization of Algiers, as connected with population and health, by Drs. Martin and Foley; 8vo., with plates. Printed in Algiers, and sold by Baillière, Paris.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 1ST TO THE 15TH OF NOVEMBER.

Abell (Mrs. L. G.)—Woman in her Various Relations; containing Practical Rules for American Females. 12mo. pp. 319 (W. Holdredge).
Arthur (T. S.)—Cecilia Howard; or, the Young Lady who had Finished her Education. 8vo. pp. 88 (Phila., T. B. Peterson).

Beasley (H.)—The Pocket Formulary, and Synopsis of the British and Foreign Pharmacopœias. 1 mo. pp. 443 (Phila., Lindsay & Blackiston).

Bullions (Rev. P. D.D.)—Select Oration of M. T. Cicero; with English Notes, for the Use of Schools and Colleges. 12mo. pp. 314 (Pratt, Woodford & Co.).

Coles (L. B. M.D.)—Philosophy of Health; Natural Principles of Health and Cure. 26th edition. 18mo. pp. 260 (Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields).

Conrad (R. T.)—Aylmere; or, the Bondman of Kent, and other Poems. 12mo. pp. 329 (Phila., E. H. Butler & Co.).

Dunglison (R. M.D.)—A Dictionary of Medical Science. 8th edition, revised and greatly enlarged. 8vo. pp. 927 (Phila., Blanchard & Len).

Farinara (Rev. P.)—The Typology of Scripture; or, the Doctrine of Types Investigated in its Principles. 8vo. pp. 650 (Phila., Daniels & Smith).

George (Julia W. H.)—A History of the English and Scotch Rebellions of 1655. 12mo. pp. 253 (Cady & Burgess).

Gladstone (Rt. Hon. W. E.)—Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen on the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government. 8vo. pp. 36 (J. S. Nichols).

Hart (J. S., L.L.D.)—The Female Prose Writers of America. Portraits. 8vo. pp. 132 (Phila., E. H. Butler & Co.).

Harbaugh (Rev. H.)—The Heavenly Recognition; or, an Earnest and Scriptural discussion of the Question, Will we Know our Friends in Heaven? 12mo. pp. 258 (Phila., Lindsay & Blackiston).

Hawthorne (N.)—A Wonder book for Girls and Boys. Illustrated by Billings. 18mo. pp. 256 (Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields).

Herbert (H. W.)—The Captains of the Old World; as compared with the great Modern Strategists. 12mo. pp. 344 (C. Scribner).

Hughs (Mrs.)—Aunt Mary's Tales. 16mo. pp. 580 (Phila., Lindsay & Blackiston).

Leaflets of Memory: an Illuminated Annual for 1852. Edited by Reynell Coates, M.D. 8vo. pp. 312 (Phila., E. H. Butler & Co.).

Mellvaine (Rt. Rev. C. F.)—Spiritual Regeneration, with Reference to Present Times; a Charge. 8vo. pp. 53 (Harper & Bros.).

New Testament, Illustrated. 12mo. Part 1, pp. 36 (D. Mead & R. Sewell).

O'Callaghan (E. B.)—The Documentary History of the State of New York. Arranged under direction of the Hon. Christopher Morgan, Sec. of State. Vol. III, Illustrated. 8vo. pp. 1215 (Albany).

Physician's Visiting List, Diary, and Book of Engagements for 1852. Oblong 32mo. (Phila., Lindsay & Blackiston).

Ruth Churchill; or, the True Protestant. By a Lady of Virginia. 18mo. 224 (C. Shepard & Co.).

Scott (R.)—The Practical Cotton Spinner and Manufacturer. Corrected and enlarged by O. Byrne. Illust. 8vo. pp. 577 (Phila., H. C. Baird).

The String of Diamonds, gathered from Many Mines. By a Gem Fancier. 12mo. pp. 240 (Hartford, W. J. Hamersley).

The Woodbine: a Holiday Gift. Edited by Caroline May. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. (Phila., Lindsay & Blackiston).

The Book of Home Beauty. By Mrs. Kirkland. With Twelve Portraits of American Ladies, by Charles Martin. 4to. pp. 145 (G. P. Putnam).

The Field Practice of Laying Out Circular Curves for Railroads. 12mo. pp. 76 (Philadelphia, R. W. Barnard & Sons).

The Pretty Village—The History of Joseph. 4to. pp. 32, 33, illustrated (Religious Tract Society, J. C. Meeks, Agent).

Trautwine (J. C.)—A New Method of Calculating the Cubic Contents of Excavations and Embankments by the Aid of Diagrams. 8vo. pp. 34 (Phila., R. W. Barnard & Sons).

Tapper (M. F.)—Philosophie Proverbiale. Tran. par G. Méviev. 12mo. pp. 315 (Phila., E. H. Butler & Co.).

Weld (Rev. H. H.)—The Star of Bethlehem, or Stories for Christmas—illustrated. 16mo. pp. 242 (Phila., Lindsay & Blackiston).

Wheeler (G.)—Rural Homes; or, Sketches of Houses suited to American Country Life, with Ground Plans, Designs, &c. 12mo. pp. 298 (C. Scribner).

Wiley (C. H.)—The North Carolina Reader. 12mo. pp. 359 (Phila., Lippincott, Grambo & Co.).

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